

THE RELIEF SOCIETY MAGAZINE

NOVEMBER, 1919

Be thankful, O, my soul!

For life, for partial health, for
shelter, food and raiment.

For friends, for friendly enemies,
for the discipline of failure.

For work; for the ability to work,
the desire to work, and for oppor-
tunity to work.

For a faith in God, in His Son,
Jesus Christ, and faith in the mis-
sion and calling of the Prophet Jos-
eph Smith!

Be thankful, O, my soul, be thank-
ful every daily hour, for life, for
death and for the resurrection, O,
be thankful!

Organ of the Relief Society of the Church of
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No. 29 Bishop's Bldg., Salt Lake City, Utah
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Vol. VI

No. 11

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The Relief Society Magazine

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OUR GOD AND FRIEND.

Thanksgiving hymn for November, 1919, by L. Lula Greene Richards.

Father, thou eternal one!
For the wonders thou hast done,
For thy kind paternal care,
For thy mercies rich and rare,—
Thanks and worship we extend
Unto thee, our God and Friend.

While through all the world around
Strife and bitterness abound,
Well hast thou established here
People who with loving fear
In thy sacred temples bend,
Praising thee our God and Friend.

All our service be to thee,
By thy gospel truth made free,
Led by prophets of thy choice,
Guided by thine own true voice,
Thanks and praises without end
Be to thee our God and Friend.



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GATEWAY TO HINDU TEMPLE, LUCKNOW, INDIA.

THE Relief Society Magazine

Vol. VI.

NOVEMBER, 1919.

No. 11.

Temples.

Mary Foster Gibbs

All religious forms are symbolic in their character. The mind of man is peculiar, in that memory is short and impressions are fleeting. In order to retain and maintain an attitude of devotion, one must be constantly reminded of his obligations and promises with his heavenly Father. If it were not for the Sabbath day, and certain rituals and observances of that day throughout the Christian world—if in any way this day and its peculiar observances were abolished for any length of time, the second generation would be almost devoid of reverence for the Savior, and the next generation would no doubt forget that such a Being existed. The Sabbath was indeed made for man that he might remember and, through remembering, so discipline his spirit, his earthly desires and mortal selfish propensities, that he would thereby obtain salvation and achieve self control.

For this purpose the Lord has given to his earth-born children a series of symbolic observances for daily use, for the Sabbath and for birth, baptism, marriage and death periods, which keep the mind quickened and the will tempered to spiritual laws and final self mastery, when the human will shall conform in every particular with the Divine Will. That we obey divine law is not so much a benefit to our heavenly Father as it is a great and lasting benefit to ourselves. He loves us and when he sees us obeying true and righteous laws, he is gratified and rejoices, just as earthly parents rejoice when their children are good and obedient.

In this stage of existence, which is a condition of struggle and darkness, we need constant help and guidance to keep our feet in the straight and narrow way. For this purpose, then, the Lord gave his earliest prophets and teachers a series of symbolic rites and ceremonies which would instruct the mind and inspire the heart through the forms that appeal to the eye; gave rituals and ceremonies that enter the brain through the medium of eye,

ear and hand. For instance, the daily prayer, in which the knee is bowed and the eye is closed, permits the heart and lips to voice gratitude and renew appeals for continued help. The mind is the more concentrated because of shutting out the surroundings by closed eyes; kneeling not only indicates humility but actually induces that state of mind by the bending of the body thus symbolizing the subjection of the will to a Higher power.

The great, fundamental truth of earthly existence is the offering of the Savior for the sins of the world. It is impossible to believe that our Father would acquaint only the small handful of his children known as the Hebrews and earlier the Semites with this foundation fact. We know from the *Pearl of Great Price* that an angel taught Adam to offer sacrifice; and no doubt, he carried that lesson on to his descendants, until Noah himself came out of the ark and built an altar of sacrifice and thanksgiving. Noah must have taught his three sons, Shem, Ham, and Japheth, the correct pattern of the sacrificial rite, although history proves that Shem alone maintained the rite in its simplicity and correctness.

The Assyrians and the Babylonians built great winding towers or temples. The Jaredite and Nephite built temples; the Egyptian, the Persian, the East Indian, the Chinese and Japanese, even the Greeks and the Romans, built temples to their gods. Yet, strange to say, after the great culmination of sacrifice in the crucifixion of our Lord, sacrificial rites amongst all people gradually died out and were abolished. After the destruction of the temple, seventy years subsequent to the crucifixion, even the Jews themselves retained only a shadow of their former services and rituals; most of them being lost through their lack of an abiding place.

The ceremonies and rituals which marked the original temple ordinance work became necessarily corrupted and changed, as the sons of Japheth and Ham lost the true gospel and multiplied idols to themselves. It is difficult to worship God in spirit only. Abstract worship is impossible to children and undeveloped intelligences; while, on the other hand, the more highly trained the intellect, the more abstract becomes the spiritual concept, until the simple things of the kingdom of God are sometimes completely lost sight of in philosophical abstractions.

Associated with the keystone principle of sacrifice were various ordinances which attended the vital events of life; birth, christening, or circumcision, baptism, confirmation, marriage, and death, were provided with symbolic rituals and ceremonies by all the ancient peoples both savage and civilized. Indeed, even today, in the hard, matter-of-fact life of the most unbelieving modern citizen, there enters certain symbols which mark his en-

trance into the world, his marriage ties, and his death, or passing into eternity. The man who takes his oath of allegiance to a country takes part at once in a symbolic ceremony with his uplifted hand to a symbolic agent of a so-called government, which is a word symbol of a potentate or a group of republican people. If he offers his right hand in greeting to his friend he participates in a symbolic revival of the oriental custom of the plainsman who covenants to preserve the safety of the man to whom he offers his right hand, which is his sword hand.

All ceremonies and rituals in ancient temples as in most modern churches were and are attended with music, processions and costumes, in some churches the survival of incense offering, and rich vestments, still obtains—notably in Catholic and Episcopalian churches. The ministers of all other churches, except, perhaps, our own Church, wear certain collars and coats which mark their profession.

Up to the time of the Savior's coming upon the earth, sacrifice was a necessary part of the daily service in the Hebrew and Nephite temples, and of most pagan temples. With his crucifixion that symbol was fulfilled; the Lord's Supper supplanted that ordinance; but the ceremony and rituals pertaining to the daily worship of God and to the supreme events in the individual's life, as well as the strict observance of the Sabbath day, must needs be maintained throughout the subsequent ages. With the passing of the "bride into the wilderness," and the apostasy of the Church of Christ, there ceased the knowledge and practice of many of the fundamental observances which were taught by Christ and his apostles to their disciples; and which observances and rites were, many of them, the same as those offered by the ancient Hebrews. Christ said he came to fulfil the law, not to destroy it. Afterwards the ordinances were changed, and the everlasting gospel was clouded with error and apostasy.

The gospel was restored through the Prophet Joseph Smith, and the primitive ordinances were later revealed to him in their simplicity and purity.

Then came the need of a temple and temples, for in them only could be given the higher keys and gifts and blessings which would prepare men and women for their final exaltation. Baptism which is a symbolic ordinance, and the laying on of hands which is another symbolic ordinance, could be performed without temples; but marriage for eternity, as well as all ordinances which pertained to baptism for the dead, with sealing, and the adoption of children to parents for the dead, could not possibly be administered except in temples built and dedicated for that purpose. That the Jews had knowledge of some of these principles and ordinances for the dead is amply attested in the scriptures as we shall disclose in later articles.

Let us now inquire somewhat into such remnants and scraps of knowledge as we have concerning ancient temples and the rites and sacrifices therein offered :

Temples or particular houses of worship have been used by man since he first erected shelter for himself and for his deity ; rather let us say for his God first, and then for himself. The poet tells us that trees were God's first temples. That may well be in the poetic sense, but certainly it is true that man early realized the necessity of a separate building in which to offer up sacrifice, to practice religious rites, and to gather the people on stated occasions for worship and commemorative services.

No people so ancient, so learned, nor so simple, but erected in some form a temple or edifice dedicated to the worship of God.

We must not think that the three successive temples built by the Hebrews in ancient Jerusalem, were the only temples known to the ancient people of the world. Solomon's temple, built by himself in the year 1000 B. C., and destroyed by Nebuchadnezzar about 586 B. C., rebuilt by Ezra and Nehemiah after the captivity about 537 B. C., was re-built again by Herod the Great, just before the Savior's day, was destroyed seventy years after. These temples were practically one and the same, and the ordinances practiced therein remained practically the same from generation to generation. They were constructed under direct revelation from God, and, except as the rites and ceremonies became dead forms and symbols, remained correct until the Crucifixion. The Jerusalem temple retained the heavenly patterns revealed to Moses and known by the generations following. It may be probable that the ante-diluvian patriarchs built such edifices, but if so these were destroyed in the flood. Abraham and his direct descendants were shepherd kings and moved about from place to place, therefore their altars were temporary and their rites were simple. Of this we will say more later on.

Before taking up the correct temple pattern as revealed to Moses, and inquiring into the rites and ceremonies practiced by the chosen people of God, let us acquaint ourselves somewhat as we may with the temples and religious practices of other ancient people.

EAST INDIAN OR HINDU TEMPLES.

Perhaps as old a people as lived their separate existence, both in ancient and modern times, were the descendants of Japheth who inhabited the peninsula of East India. Their traditions point to stories of an earlier savage race whom the Aryans con-

quered. Like all descendants of Japheth they were astute, fond of cultural development, philosophic and thrifty in civic and domestic life.

Unquestionably they brought with them the Japhetic traditions of sacrifice, of altars, of temples, of rites and ceremonies. There is a curious point associated with the sacrificial practices of ancient Hindus; few of them so far as we know offered human or animal sacrifices. The fruits of the field, prepared foods, and liquids, with even clothing and jewels, constituted their votive of-



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BURNING BODIES IN GHAT AT BENARES, INDIA.

ferings. Is there in this fact an echo of the rebellious Cain who would not or did not comply with the direct instructions of father Adam in the offering of the symbolic sacrificial lamb? Cain chose rather to place upon his altar the fruits and grains of the field. One wonders if he claimed superior humanitarian motives in thus dis-

obeying his father's example and teachings. Be that as it may, we know that he did not scruple to take his brother's, or human life, when filled with the passion of jealous anger.

The temples of the Hindus which were at first very simple, gradually became ornately enriched with marble and precious stones and wonderfully elaborate. They were artists, these early Hindus, and their architecture is exquisitely beautiful especially in their temple construction. We know of two sacrificial rites practiced by this ancient people. One was known as the sacrificial fire, which was a sacrifice offered to the gods of nature, such phenomenon as the sun, the moon, thunder, lightning, rain—all these were looked upon as manifestations of the gods. The sacrifices offered were food and drink, some of which was poured into the fire. The fire that consumed these offerings became thereby specially sacred. This rite offered was private at first and was common by all the people and was accompanied with hymns, chants or charms. But the whole service was finally appropriated exclusively by the priests or magic men. The priest elaborated upon the simple Fire-Cult, and developed an expensive and elaborate ceremony of three sacred fires, with incantations and hymns. The hymns were called the Rig-Veda. At these three-fire sacrificial performances the ordinary poor men could not engage as they became expensive and costly. So the poor were permitted a simple daily rite to their gods with one fire only. These three-fire sacrificial rites celebrated births, marriages, and funeral ceremonies, amongst the aristocracy. The nature of them, therefore, prevented them from becoming periodic, as was the case with the one daily religious fire offered by priest and people alike. We know very little about the rituals and ceremonies which were connected with the temple services. It may well be that they were kept sacred and secret as in all other temples.

The priests gradually became very grasping and sordid; translating the spirit of true sacrifice into corrupted greed, and hence the Vedic sang, "Give to me; I give to thee." "Enjoy the soma, satisfy thyself with it; then turn thy mind to the giving of riches," says a Rigvedic poet. "The gods wanted sacrifices, of food and drink, accompanied by hymns, which were always an integral part of the sacrifice, and in which the gods took an aesthetic pleasure."

Another sacrificial function which was the most aristocratic rite of all was the soma-drink, offered to the god Soma. This drink was intoxicating and very expensive. In the passing centuries this rite was combined with the three-fire-cult, and the priests only officiated in the temples.

The Hindus worship many gods. We are told by Dr. J. A.

Montgomery that, "there is, for instance, the majestic Varuna—perhaps the leading god of the prehistoric Ido-Iranians, as he at least became the leading god of the historic Persians (under the name of Ahura Mazda). It is declared in the Veda, too, that he is the greatest of gods, the guardian of the world-order, the righteous king and judge of the universe, the punisher of all evil. In short, he is described as a veritable Hindu Yahweh."

Connected with this sacrificial offering were many hymns; indeed, the whole religious ritual consisted mainly of hymns, or invocations. All that we know today of their ancient religions is learned from these hymns or invocations to the gods.

In the end the tenets and beliefs of their religion became an abstraction and finally their sacrificial rites were forgotten. So philosophic, so subtly abstract, did their creeds become that they finally adopted a conception of God which sounds very much like the present day Christmas' own idea of God the eternal Father. We quote from Montgomery. "Says the Upanishadic teacher Uddalaka Aruni to his son: What that subtle essence is, a having-that-as-its-nature is this universe; that is the Real, that is the Soul, that art Thou, Cvetaketu!" And even more clearly and magnificently the great teacher Yajnavalkya declares: That which rests in all things, and is distinct from all things, which all things know not, of which all things are the body (that is, the material representation or form), which controls all things within, that is thy Self (atman), the immortal Inner Controller. * * * The Unseen Seer, the Unheard Hearer, the Unthought Thinker, the Unknown Knower. This is thy self, the immortal Inner Controller. Whatever is other than this is evil."

Associated with their religion and entwined with it for several centuries was the transplanted belief in Buddha. The Brahmins, as the Vedic priests were called, had believed in transmigration of souls; that is, that the reborn soul of man was sent into living creatures of all classes and that his spirit had evolved from rocks, trees and had risen up through the various stages of animal life into that of a human being. If he did well in life he would be re-born under better circumstances. If not, he would be sent back into the animal creation. Buddhism did not go so far, but we shall treat that belief in a latter paper.

Beyond Arsareth.

A STORY OF THE LOST TEN TRIBES.

Continued.

II.

My full name is Loner Nikolai Merton. I was born in Chicago, U. S. A., in the year 1883. My father was John Merton, an American. My mother was born in Norway. When I came to the world, my father was away from home, and so the selection of a name for the baby devolved altogether on my mother. Nikolai was her father's name, and Loner was the name of the village from which she had come, and as both had fond recollections about them for her, she gave their names to me as an inheritance. But such names, one may be sure, would not long remain intact in America, the land of abbreviations and nick-names. Nikolai could hardly be shortened into Nick, so Loner lost the last syllable; and thus it came about that I became Lon Merton.

Very little of my history from my childhood until I was a man pertains to this narrative. During my youth we moved from Chicago further west. I was an only child. I had the advantages of a common school education. I learned to work on the farm; I traveled considerably in a number of the western states, and thus picked up a good deal of all-round information. Before I was twenty I lost both father and mother. They had accumulated some property which was left to me.

For ten years I lived at the old home, sowing, irrigating, reaping, studying, learning the lessons of life in various ways. It seems to me now that in those ten years on that farm, with the eternal hills on one side, and the open valley on the other, I lived a complete life. If toil and rest, sunshine and clouds, hopes and fears, love and loss—if all these make up a life, then I lived mine there, and it seems to me that I should have completed it there—but no, the ways of God are wonderful and not to be found out, at least not by me, it seems.

Of that which came into my life, and drove me away from home, made me a wanderer on the earth, I shall say as little as possible in these pages. That concerns no human soul but mine, and the divine heart of One Above. I shall say as little as possible about that, but then it may be impossible to keep it back—it is hard to suppress that which is continually in the heart and in the brain, and even now when I think of that time, I feel as

though I could fill these pages with a flood as from my heart—but, no; that would clearly be a waste of precious space.

When I felt that I had to leave home I did not sell my farm, but rented it to an honest, trustworthy family. I went to Chicago, then to New York and from there to Liverpool and London. In the masses of humanity found in these places I thought I might find something to distract my mind, but I was not very successful. Then I sailed over to Norway. I could speak a little Norwegian—or at least I thought I could until I landed in that country. But I got along very well, and liked the country. That winter I spent in Paris and Rome, but I went back to Norway early in the spring. I went up to Loner, a little village in the interior of the land. I remained at Loner a week, and had a mind to remain there forever; but that whinn soon passed and I was down again to the town of Tunsberg where some of my mother's relatives lived.

Tunsberg is winter quarters for a large number of vessels engaged in the whale and seal fishing business. One day, when I was out walking rather aimlessly, I found that the ice was yet thick between the mainland and a small island. I walked on the ice to where a large number of vessels were moored all around an island. They were yet fast in the ice, but there were a number of men engaged in cutting a passage for one of the vessels out into the open sea. I learned that, as the season was advancing, it was time for the fishers to be off. They had waited in vain for the ice to break up, but now they could wait no longer. I became quite interested in this scene, and each day I went out to the ships to see what progress was being made. At last the first vessel made its way through a long watery lane and was free. Others soon followed, and as they reached the open water, I saw that sailors came from the town with the small steamers and were soon in possession of the fishing ships. Some were steamers, and some were sailing vessels. It was a rare sight when the sails were spread like a mass of clouds, to see the vessel glide over the waves out into the blue ocean.

In a week, all but one of the ships had gone. This one lingered and I lingered with it. I had become somewhat acquainted with the men on board, and had made myself quite at home on the little, well-oiled steamer. There was a sort of weird attraction about the ship for me. I say weird because how else can I describe an attraction for such an object, and such surroundings as on board that vessel.

At last *Esken* was also ready to put to sea, and I actually felt sorry in having to say goodbye to it. The ship was to get away early next morning, but I was out long before daylight hunting for the captain.

"Captain Larsen," said I, when I had found that officer, "how are you off for men?"

"Short yet," said he.

"Then take me," said I.

"Take you!" he exclaimed, as he looked closely at me from top to toe. "Are you a sailor?"

"No, sir," I replied, "but if hands are short, I can help at most anything. I am not so inapt."

"Have you ever been in the Arctic,"

"No, sir."

"Ever been a fisher—a common fisherman I mean?"

"No, sir; never caught anything larger than a brook trout."

"And yet you want to join this crew, and help to catch whales!"

The captain swore a little, laughing as he did so.

"Where's your trunk?" he enquired.

"At the hotel in Tunsberg," I replied.

"Well, go and get it. Be back in two hours;—and say, you'll have to get some clothing—"

"Fredriksen, Fredriksen," the captain shouted, at which a sailor came up to see what was wanted.

"Go with this man to town," were the instructions, "and tell him what he must get in the way of clothing, etc., for a cruise in the Arctic. He is going with us as—first mate, I suppose!"

"Fredriksen thought the Captain's last remarks to be a statement of facts until I told him different. We were back within two hours. Black smoke came in great clouds from the funnel of the *Esken*, and before noon we, too, were out into the sea. Two days later we left the Norwegian coast, and a week later Tromsø, and headed for the fishing waters in the Arctic Ocean.

III.

I believe the Captain of the *Esken* took a certain fancy to me, and this, in a way, was my salvation on board that ship. I was absolutely inexperienced in seamanship. I knew nothing whatever of any duty on board. I could perhaps have learned to wash the decks, or help the cook peel potatoes, but Captain Larsen kept me in a resemblance to business in various other ways. He had taken me on the humor of the moment, even as I had offered myself, and it seems he made the best of a bad bargain. I signed no papers, as a regular seaman would have done, I made no stipulations regarding wages, and nothing was said to me about my pay, if I should ever earn any. I don't know but that I was as much the Captain's "first mate" as anything else. The captain spoke English poorly and my Norwegian was no better from a grammat-

ical point of view. During our first days out, and in fact all along when he had leisure, he would have me give him lessons in English, and have me talk of America, and the Americans. The fact of the matter was that Captain Larsen was expecting to leave the Arctic fishing business and accept a position in American water the very next year. But that was not to be.

But I—what had I done? What would some of the good people in and around the old farm at home now think of me, did they but know? Some of them would think me very, very foolish to thus throw away my life, but little did they know of me, little, I say, did they know of what was really and truly me—my mind, and the life of that mind. I had money, a beautiful farm, some influence, perhaps, a host of friends and one thing only I lacked—but never mind that now.

That Northern sea was grand, and I enjoyed it. Day by day, as we proceeded further north, the nights became shorter, until at last there was very little darkness left. The weather was fair, but very cold. The sea was blue, the sky was blue. In an incredibly short time we were in the drifting ice of the Arctic. I had thought it would be a long journey, but it was hardly a week. The white blocks of ice shone in the sun, and now seemed to block our further progress; but long lanes soon opened up on every side and on we pressed, from one open space to another.

We made good progress northward and arrived at the seal's gathering place a few days before we were allowed to kill. I understood that was some time in April. It was a rare sight to see the immense ice floes covered with these animals. There were millions of them, I believe, and they stretched out as far as the eye could see, until they became like mere black specks against the whiteness of the ice.

We had no sooner arrived at the "grounds" than a gale set in. It blew furiously for twenty-four hours and tossed the loose ice about like chips.

Most of the young seals were pitched into the water and had to take their first lessons in swimming whether they would or not. When at last the storm abated and the sea became quiet again, there were very few seals for us to capture; so, after a few days, we again headed for the north in hope of finding the old males.

The work of taking seals seemed to me such a cruel task that I was glad not to take part in it, though it pleased the men greatly. I never would take part in any killing or butchery at home, and even chopping off the head of a chicken was a trial to me. When this seal killing work was going on, the captain and I were sometimes the only hands on board. With the ship safely moored to

some ice floe, we had hours in which to talk, and I must say that the Captain's company was enjoyable.

One day Captain Larsen showed me the picture of his wife—he pointed it out to me hanging on the cabin wall. Instantly, the face reminded me of someone else, and I stood before it gazing intently.

"Well, sir, what do you think of her?" said he, as he peered over my shoulder.

"A very sweet face," said I. "Captain Larsen, you are a favored man, and ought to be a happy one."

"Favored and happy?" he shouted, as his finger clutched my shoulder until it pained, "with that sweet face back there in Tunsberg, and I not to see it for six months! No, that's the worst of this life," he said in a milder tone, "not to see the face of the woman you love for this long time, nor to hear her laugh, nor her welcoming words; nor to see her smile; or feel her warm, soft arm around your rough neck—Meester Merton, it is very bad—I can not do it longer. I am going to Amerikee, and she shall be with me all the time."

"Yes; Captain," said I. "I do not blame you. You have a lovely wife, and she is good—"

"Good? good you say? Yes; the best wife in the world, Meester Merton. They all say that, of course. And you are not married?"

"I? Oh, no, I thought you knew that?"

"Well, of course, I can not blame you, seeing that I got the only woman in the world." At which he chuckled and laughed.

I stood looking at the picture all the time. Something in the face, I could hardly make out what, and the arrangement of the hair reminded me of the past.

"You seem to like that picture," asked the Captain.

"It reminds me," said I; and then I stopped.

"Of someone you know?"

"Yes; of someone I once knew."

"In Amerikee?"

"Yes, in America."

"Is she dead?"

"No, yes, I mean, she is dead to me, Captain Larsen."

"Oh!"

But there was meaning in that single word. Captain Larsen was a discerning man. He said no more to me then, but put his arm through mine, drew me away from the picture, and said, "Come, we will have a game of checkers."

He must have seen my face and read something therein. From that moment I loved Captain Erik Larsen.

(To be Continued.)

Prayer.

By D. H. Utter.

Eternal

One, I pray you teach me how to pray,
Not like the chaplain who has pray'd for years,
Nor learned prelate who prays for human ears,
But like the bird that sings the livelong day.

That I may

Hear your voice in flash on mountain peak,
In cataract and laughing wavelets song,
Whose echoes herald coming of the dawn
When even I can hear your silence speak.

That I may

See the hand that waves the magic wand
Causing flowers to bloom on desert sand,
And love to live by Arctic currents fan'd,
Then through the charging cycles still beyond.

That I may

Smell the incense burn'd within love's bower,
Where you distil the nectar for us all;
While human passions drain the cup and fall,
May I but sense the odor of the flower.

That I may

Taste of every sweet that I am heir,
Through your implacable, eternal law;
And may I from your mystic fountain draw,
Oh God, and ever know that you are there.

That I may

Feel the gentle hand of love divine
Raise me from out the stricken slough of fear,
That to my distraught vision I hold near
And know that you are mine and I am thine.

And when I

Have reached forth and touched the hem
Of garment that you wear, I pray you, Lord,
For pow'r to see your face for my reward,
That I may sense your presence more. Amen.

Mountainhome, Idaho.

Emancipation of Margaret Bryce.

By C.

Aunt Marion's telegram reached the Bryce home about 10 a. m. on the 22nd of August. In the dining room the breakfast was still set as the family had left it—Maude had been out with her Bee Hive Swarm on a moonlight hike the night before and had a head-ache; Betty had gone with Elva Crawford to see something about the bazaar the Primary was getting up. On the back porch was heaped a pile of bedding and a couple of "grub" boxes Will had brought in from the herd the day before. He was up town now getting supplies for the fishing trip the Scouts were going on the following day. Ned was in the shed overhauling the second-hand "jitney" he had traded for a few days before.

The kitchen table and sink were piled high with unhusked, green corn Bertha had sent up with the boys on their way to the pasture with the cows. Bertha wanted to can it in the pressure cooker and it was such a job to do it alone that she always came to her mother's to do it. She had told the boys to tell grandma that the baby had cried with the ear-ache the night before and she might be a little late getting up to help.

The sitting room floor and table and chairs were strewn with plots and deeds where John had left them. He had stopped in on his way to the field to look up some papers concerning the late father's estate, and had been in too much of a hurry to put things away again.

When the messenger boy came, he found Margaret Bryce in the garden. A large basket of tomatoes stood in the path near the empty swill-pails. The woman was staggering from the corn patch under a huge load of green fodder she had pulled for the calves. On her arm hung a bucket of grain for the chickens.

"Here's a telegram for you, Sister Bryce," called Johnny Atkins when he saw her.

Margaret Bryce stopped. The blood fled from her wrinkled cheeks, and she tottered beneath her load, and let it fall to the ground.

Jimmy! Her missionary boy! It must be—— It was only last summer that Fred Davis had died in the mission-field of pneumonia. These thoughts sped like lightning through her mind as she reached for the yellow envelope. Her knotted hands trembled as they broke the seal. The words danced before her sunken eyes.

"Here, Johnny; I haven't my glasses. Will you—read—it please?" Johnny took the forboding message and read:

"Los Angeles, Cal., Aug. 19.

"Am coming to visit you. Should arrive about the 22nd.

"Marion."

A look of relief followed by one of joy came into Mrs. Bryce's face.

"Thank you, Johnny." She picked up her load and started toward the corral.

So Marion was coming to see her. Marion! her twin sister whom she had not seen for twenty—no, twenty-five years. Yes, it was when Bertha was a baby that Marion had paid her last visit. It was not with unmixed pleasure that Mrs. Bryce recalled that visit even now. Marion and James never had gotten on well. On that visit Marion objected vigorously to the way James let his wife wait upon him. She had said some very unkind and cutting things and while Margaret had felt that they, in a way, were justified, she had felt in duty bound to take sides with her husband and a sort of estrangement between the sisters had resulted.

As the years went by it had been bridged over to some extent. Occasional letters passed between them and Marion was ever inviting Margaret to visit her. This her husband had never been willing for her to do, but they had let the girls go out a year or so ago. But now poor James was dead and Marion was coming. The thought gave Mrs. Bryce a glow of happiness. She had always loved her twin sister devotedly and even as a child had envied that "way" Marion had of getting what she wanted so easily. They were so entirely different, she and Marion.

Mrs. Bryce fed the calves and chickens and hurried toward the house, stopping to pick up the basket of tomatoes and the swill-pails on her way. A tired little sigh escaped her as she saw the breakfast table and littered rooms. She was already weary from her out-side chores. She crossed over to the calendar hanging above the machine. Good heavens! today is the 22nd. That telegram had been delayed as so many of the telegrams Widow Atkins handled were. Marion might be here any moment!

"Maudie," she called. There was no reply, so she went to the bed-room door. Maude was asleep on the unmade bed. The mother remembered the hike and the head-ache and softly closed the door. It made Maudie so cross to have to work when she had a head-ache.

Mrs. Bryce piled up the dirty dishes and carried them into the kitchen where Bertha's corn greeted her. Dear, dear, she had forgotten that corn. It ought to be on right now. It took so long to can vegetables. She stacked the dishes on one side of the sink and began to husk the corn.

"Grandma, Uncle Ned wants that can of chain grease. He

says he believes it's in the pantry but it might be in the closet up in his room." Mrs. Bryce looked in the pantry. "I don't see it here, Georgie. Couldn't you run up and see if it is in Uncle Ned's closet. I'm trying to get your mama's corn ready and Great-Aunt Marion is coming and I have so much to do."

"Gee! when will she be here? Will she bring any little boys?"

"Run on and find the grease for Uncle Ned."

"I can't find it, Grandma," George reported a moment later, and Margaret Bryce wearily ascended the crooked stairs. She had just got back with the grease when Betty called from the front door:

"Mother, Elva and I are going over to Grandon to bring their things in to the Bazaar. We may drive on out to the farm and eat dinner with Delia Patterson, so don't worry if I'm a little late." Betty started back toward the car waiting at the curb. Mrs. Brice hurried to the window.

"Betty, I just got a telegram from Aunt Marion. She is coming to visit us. The telegram said she should be here today."

"Good!" exclaimed Betty enthusiastically. "You remember I've told you about the jolly times we had out to Aunt Marion's three years ago, Elva. She's the dearest——" Betty was climbing into the car.

"There's a dreadful lot of work to do this morning," Mrs. Bryce ventured, half apologetically. "I ought to can tomatoes and Bertha sent her corn up to do, and there's the ironing to finish and——"

"Well, we just can't leave this bazaar work now or the whole thing will be a failure," protested Betty a bit petulantly. "But, of course, I can stay if I have to. Where's Maude?"

"She has a head-ache, and is asleep. But never mind. I guess I can manage somehow."

"Well, we'll get back as early as we can."

The car had scarcely driven away when Will came hurrying down the path.

"Say, Mother, the fellows want to get everything packed tonight. I'll have to have one of these grub boxes cleaned out to take, and I wonder if you could fix me up a pan of beans and a cake and a little stuff. I'm so sick of canned grub from being out to the herd that I feel like that fishing trip won't be worth much if I have to go off before I get filled up on decent food before I go."

"I'll try, Willie; but I just got word that Aunt Marion will be here on a visit today and I'm dreadfully busy."

"Aunt Marion. O, I hate company! It makes so much more work. Why didn't you make Bet stay and help you?"

It was nearly five o'clock when a touring car drove up to Bryce's gate, and a fair-haired, plump woman got nimbly out.

"Just set my things on the front porch, Jefferson, then you would better drive to the hotel. My sister has a large family and I shouldn't like to burden her." Aunt Marion's chauffeur was obeying this command when Margaret Bryce, who had heard the car stop, came to the front door. The parlor had been tidied, the tomatoes and corn canned, the beans and cookies prepared for Will, and the ironing finished, but at the sound of that car she had looked in dismay at her own soiled dress and felt of her untidy hair. There had never been a moment in the busy hours to give to her personal appearance. Nevertheless she hurried to greet her sister.

There was little resemblance between the two. Margaret was tall and dark and angular and the hard life she had led made her look at least fifteen years older than Marion.

"Let me have your things and you sit right there in that rocker and rest," said Margaret after the first embrace was over. "You must be tired out."

"Yes, I am tired, but I'll wager I'm not half so tired as you are. You look ready to drop. You've simply got to go home with me, Maggie, and take a good, long rest. I've been wanting to come for you ever since I heard of Jim's death, but I couldn't get away before. You look as if you work just as hard as you used to. Now Jim is gone and the children grown, I don't see what is to hinder you from taking life easy."

But Marion had not been in the Bryce home long before she began to see, and she kept seeing plainer and plainer all the time.

The first morning after her arrival she was awakened about daylight by the sound of someone chopping wood. Her bed was near a window facing the yard, so she drew the curtain and looked out. Yes, her suspicions were correct; Maggie was the wood-cutter. A few moments later she heard her sister come in and start a fire in the kitchen stove. Then she heard her calling Ned from the foot of the stairs. "Ned, if you don't get up now you won't have time to milk before John comes for you to go to the field." A little later she saw from her window, Margaret out in the garden digging weeds for the pigs. Soon she came in and started breakfast and called to Ned once more. The aunt heard him promise in a cross, sleepy voice that he would get right up; but he didn't; so, as soon as his mother had set the table and called the girls, she took the milk pails and went to the barn.

When she came in with the milk she called the girls once more, reminding them that there was the churning to do and the milk to separate and the lot to irrigate that morning. As Aunt Marion lay there listening and interpreting each sound, a de-

terminated resolution took possession of her. She was going to make a reformation in that household if possible, and she knew her plan meant the keeping of her tongue still while she was there, and she realized that was going to be a difficult thing to do.

When Marion was called to breakfast she found her nephews and nieces fresh and smiling and eager to show her every attention. Their mother looked as tired as if she had done a hard day's work.

During the weeks that followed, Marion Sanders saw that program repeated, with variations, every day. When her visit drew near its close she remarked as casually as possible one day:

"You are going home with me, aren't you, Maggie?" For reasons of her own she had not mentioned the subject since the day of her arrival, and apparently none of the children had heard of her invitation. She and Margaret were alone today.

"We'll have to leave here next Friday. I guess you can be ready by then."

"I'd like to go, Marion. I'd like to go the best kind, but I don't see how I can. There is so much to do this time of the year. There's the garden and fruit to tend, and the girls and Bertha need a lot of sewing done, and John's wife expects to be confined in a few weeks, and I always take care of her and the baby."

"Look here, Maggie——" Aunt Marion had a hard task to stop the flood of words which leaped to her lips, but she managed to bite them off and said weakly, "I do wish you'd make up your mind to go."

Though Margaret had had no idea of going she did broach the subject to the family next afternoon when they were all there, and she thought Aunt Marion was out calling on a neighbor.

"Aunt Marion wants me to go home with her," she ventured timidly.

"Why, Nettie may need you any time," spoke up John. "She is so nervous she never could stand a strange nurse around."

"And, Mamma, it is only a few weeks until high school starts. Maude and I haven't a thing to wear. It will keep us hustling to get our sewing done."

"Well, mother has promised to help me fit out the children before their school starts. I'd think you girls could sew for yourselves. What in the world will you do when you have four children to sew for?" This from Bertha.

"Hy Patterson says those peaches you ordered from him will be ripe in a few days," remarked Ned.

"I'd think," suggested Will, "that you'd rather visit Aunt Marion sometime when she hadn't just been here."

"I guess that would be better," the mother admitted with a

disappointed little sigh. She was completely swamped by this avalanche of arguments. No more was said about her going until Thursday afternoon when Aunt Marion began to get her things together.

"What have you decided about going home with me?" she asked.

"I guess it will be better not to try to go just now," said Margaret. She expected to have to argue. Marion did not usually give up her plans easily, but all she said was:

"I'm sorry. If anyone needs a rest and a change it is you."

Thursday night, had any of the Bryce family awakened about midnight they would surely have given the alarm that burglars were in the house, for some one was unmistakably in Mrs. Bryce's bed-room—that lady having been induced to sleep with Aunt Marion, since the guest room was cooler. Some one, too, cautiously placed a couple of traveling bags on the front porch where they were carried away by a male accomplice. However, no one awoke, and the next morning no one reported anything missing.

At the breakfast table Aunt Marion announced that she would not leave until the next day as her chauffeur was slightly under the weather.

"However," she continued, "he is well enough to drive over to the Patterson farm to get those peaches Ned mentioned the other day. So, Maggie, get on your things and you and I will go and get them and let the girls do up the work." There were surprised looks from both girls, and a weak protest from Mrs. Bryce, but Aunt Marion hurried her into her clean dress and hat and led her out to the car which had just driven up to the gate.

As they were about to drive off, Maude called out: "Why, you haven't taken anything to get the peaches in, Mamma. What shall I bring?"

"Never mind. Jefferies has some boxes in here that will do," said Aunt Marion. "Good bye. We may stay and visit awhile, so don't get worried if we are not right back," and away they chugged.

A half hour later, Mrs. Bryce, who had been leaning back enjoying the coolness of the ride, sat up with a sudden start.

"Why that's where we turn off to Patterson's," she said, pointing back to the branch road behind them.

"Yes, I know it is," said Marion with a cool something in her tone that startled the weaker woman. "But we are not going to Patterson's. We are going to Los Angeles, California. Maggie Bryce, I've kidnapped you! No, you don't need to look frightened. I'm not crazy! Everything is all right. Your things, all you'll need, are in a suit case under your seat. And I've arranged so

everything will be all right at home. I left a letter explaining all to the children, so sit back and enjoy yourself."

"Why, Marion Sanders, turn right back. I can't leave home now, I tell you. Nettie——"

"O, Nettie will be all right. I telegraphed money for her mother to come and stay with her. I asked George's sister Alice to help Bertha with her sewing, and made arrangements with Henrietta du Pont to see that the girls got something made before school starts. I even arranged for Marian Allen to go in and show the girls how to put up the fruit. You are kidnapped, I tell you, so you may just as well forget all about home and its worries. For forty years you've been a slave, Maggie Bryce. First it was to Jim. That was bad enough; but now it is ten times worse,—you are a slave to each of your children. You are to take lessons in how to be a free woman. I expect the children t learn some lessons, too. You are not going back to them until I'm sure they have learned theirs and you have learned yours. This is the day of your emancipation. I want you to go home to them as a mother and a companion, not as their slave."

"But I enjoy doing things for them. Anyone enjoys working for the ones they love," protested Maggie.

"Of course, they do, so why rob your children of the joy of *doing for you*. You are spoiling them, every one. It's a wonder to me that they are not worse spoiled than they are. It is a wonder to me that they respect you as much as they do. O, I know I am hurting you dreadfully. Often the surgeon has to cut deep before he can cure. You have been robbing your children all the time you have been half killing yourself. I left my home in charge of my fifteen-year-old Margie, and I'm not worrying but that things will go on about as well as when I am there."

"You always were a born manager. I've always wished I could do things like you do." Maggie was near to tears of mingled emotions.

"Well, you can if you want to, and are willing to give up a little of the joy of giving, and take a little of the joy of receiving. That's a lesson very few mortals have to learn, but you seem to be one of them. Now you are to begin letting others take some of the burdens. Let the children work for you and wait on you. As I said a moment ago, this is the day of your emancipation. You are to go back to your family as a mother and a companion, not as a slave. Come, Maggie, tell me you are not angry. I just had to do it—because I loved you so much."

The startled look gradually faded out of Maggie's face. She pulled her sister's face down and kissed it.

"I've wished for years I—had courage to do something like

this." she said in a low tone, "but you seemed to have gotten all the courage for us both."

"And you seemed to have gotten all of a lot of other qualities that are worth a whole lot more—patience and endurance and cheerfulness. I've been learning a lot of lessons from you."

"I guess they will really get along all right for a few weeks and I do feel as if I need a rest." Margaret Bryce settled back among the cushions with a look of genuine content.

"In the meantime, consternation was in the Bryce home. It was Betty who found Aunt Marion's letter. It was in the novel she was reading. Perhaps Aunt Marion had been pretty sure that Betty would have to take a peep to see how the hero and heroine were getting on before she cleared up the breakfast table.

"Maude, Maude!" she called. "Come here, quick! Here's a letter from Aunt Marion. She hasn't gone to Patterson's at all. She's gone home and taken Mother with her."

"What's that?" called Ned from the bathroom, and he emerged with one side of his face covered with lather, while at the same time Will came tumbling into the room from the porch chair and squeezed in to look over his sister's shoulder. Together the quartet read the letter Betty held:

"Dear Nephews and Nieces,—I've kidnapped your mother! You young folks seemed very intelligent and nice to me in most ways, but it is very evident you are not up on history or else you would know that the days of slavery in the United States ended with the Civil War. I found a veritable slave with a half dozen masters in your home. I have taken it upon myself to set her free. I have made arrangements so that none of you will really suffer while she is away, but I am going to keep her until I am convinced her own children are ready to treat her as a mother rather than as a slave.

*"Lovingly,
Aunt Marion."*

"Why, what on earth does she mean?" gasped Will.

"I know," sobbed Maude, "it's the way we let Mamma do all the hard work, and wait on us and everything. You ought to see how different it is in Aunt Marion's home. They all do everything for her and they—just seem—to enjoy it and are—so happy."

"That's what I noticed," agreed Betty, "and while we were out there I made up my mind we'd make it easier for Mother, but somehow it was so easy to fall in the old rut again."

"By Jove, it's funny I'd never thought a thing about it," said Ned. "Mother always has done everything, and I just took it for granted. It was the same when Dad was alive, and she still slaves,

as Aunt Marion puts it, for John and Bertha, now they are married. By Jove, it's funny we couldn't see how it looked to other people."

"Do you suppose Aunt Marion will let her come home for Thanksgiving," Will wondered wistfully.

"Maybe she will if we can prove to her that we are not really heathens, by then," said Betty in self disgust. A new light of responsibility was dawning in the girl's face.

"I feel like I've learned my lesson already," whimpered Maude. "The house seems so empty and dreadful with Mother gone. I know I shan't sleep a single night until she gets back. I'll just lie awake thinking of all the drudgery she has done for me and wonder how she can ever forgive me."

"That's just the way I feel, by Jove, if it isn't," said Ned.

"I guess it's the way we all feel. But let's hurry and show Aunt Marion we're not bad clear through. What can we do?" This from Will.

"There's plenty we can do. We can clean the house and fix up all the things that have worried mother, and learn to do the work well with out her, and be pleasant and happy, and O, a thousand things. But there is John out by the gate. Call him in. Then we'll take this down to show Bertha. We've all got to get busy on this reformation business at once," declared Ned emphatically. "Then maybe we can have Mother back for Thanksgiving."

"We've *got to* have her back by then!" declared Will. "I can't wait *that* long to let her know how sorry I am."

"And won't it be a Thanksgiving, though, just to have Mother here to—wait on!" cried Betty as she began briskly to clear up the breakfast table.

MOTHER.

By Maud M. Cook.

Your loving smile
Is with me, hour by hour;
In memory still I see your face
Glow like a pure, sweet flower,
Alight with love and peace and cheer.

Stamped with heaven's sweet calm,
So firm in faith, so rich in trust,
So beautiful to look upon;
The memory of you, Mother mine,
Makes all life's pathway clear;
I send with this a word of love,
Mother, my Mother dear.

The Dream Wife.

Frank Steele.

James Wilson, twenty-five and unmarried, suddenly awoke with queer feelings. He looked about his bedroom as if searching for something. He discovered nothing but the fixtures of the chamber somberly standing in their places, black and shapeless, in the semi-darkness. The moonlight, streaming in through the half-open window, cast a soft, grayish light about the place, falling squarely on the face of the clock.

James looked up at the old timepiece which had been solemnly doing duty for four or more generations. The hands stood at midnight. He had been a-bed only an hour. He sat upright, rubbed his eyes and again peered around the room.

He had dreamed a dream, a most extraordinary dream—one which struck a peculiarly sensitive chord in his make-up. The particulars of his strange nocturnal experience raced through his mind as he sat upright in his bed.

James Wilson believed in dreams. He was a spiritually-minded young man, sincere, honest and God-fearing. He sang in the Methodist choir and was an active member of the Sunday school Bible class. He believed also in visions, in a personal God, and in the doctrine of a premortal existence of the spirit of man. The last doctrine held a particular charm for him. James found inexplicable joy in pondering over this new revelation, reasonable and sublime, that had come into his soul.

All this was strange doctrine in Bridgeport. And because James Wilson tenaciously held to these views, and even stoutly advocated them in the very face of a furious and indignant pastor, public sentiment toward the young theological student began to grow cold. Both in church and business circles life-long friends passed him by without speaking.

It had been whispered about that James had been attending "Mormon" meetings, that "Mormon" tracts had been seen in his pockets, and that he had been discovered openly conversing with two ministers of that despised sect. This gossip James did not deny. On the contrary, he confirmed it. With courage, he frankly told them that he was investigating "Mormonism," believing that God would lead him to the truth wherever it was to be found.

And so, at twelve o'clock of a Tuesday in May, James was sitting upright in his bed with a puzzled look in his eyes and a mind grappling with a problem never before seriously entertained.

I said in the beginning that James was twenty-five and unmarried. Marriage had never seriously concerned him. He had been really popular in a social way, having kept company with a number of very excellent young ladies of the city. These associations were purely of a friendly nature, his motives being absolutely foreign to that of matrimony.

But matrimony had suddenly become the one absorbing thought in his mind. He was thinking about this engaging subject as he sat up in bed, thinking of it because he had dreamed of it.

Every detail of the astonishing drama was clearly defined before him. He saw the kind, white-robed messenger come into his room. He felt again his hand touch his shoulder. He heard his voice and recalled the bewildering command:

"Go to Liverpool and find your wife. Look!"

Ah, the picture of loveliness that greeted him! Groves, lawns, flowers, fountains, streams of silvery water and birds and beasts living in perfect peace. In the midst of all, he saw himself and beside him on a rustic bench sat a maiden, a vision of beauty and grace. He still saw in that radiant nobility of her chaste features a face he could never forget.

"Go to Liverpool and find your wife," rang in his ears. It was still ringing with persistency when he arose in the morning.

At breakfast he startled his mother by exclaiming:

"Mother, I'm going to Liverpool this morning."

"Liverpool? Why James, what business calls you to Liverpool?"

"Mother, I'm going to Liverpool to find my wife."

"Your—wife!"

"Yes, mother, my wife, the girl I may have loved in the spirit world. I saw her last night, mother, in a dream."

"Ah James, what utter nonsense. I do wish you'd cease reading that devilish 'Mormonism.' It will drive you crazy. Your wife! The spirit world! Silly!"

"No, mother," replied her son, "'Mormonism' teaches many beautiful doctrines, one of which is a belief in divinely-given dreams and visions. Your Bible teaches it but you have forsaken the simple truths of the gospel. I am going to Liverpool, mother, and there I shall find my wife."

And so James went to Liverpool. It was a clear, pleasant day. The sight of the country-side, green and fragrant in its morning freshness, filled him with the joy of living. How deliciously sweet was the air, how rejuvenatingly it filled his lungs as the train whirled on toward the distant city. James was perfectly alive to the pleasures of the journey, although his strange mission stood out paramount in his mind. But, like Jacob of

old who also went in quest of a wife, James faltered not in his purpose.

At Middleboro a young sailor boarded the train. He sat in the same compartment as James, and the two young men soon struck up a conversation. The seafarer told a sad, sad story. He was going to Liverpool for the first time in fifteen years. His widowed mother and an only sister resided there. He had never written them for ten years. He confessed to having lived a wild, riotous life, but that on the streets of London, one Sunday afternoon, his heart had been touched by the preaching of two very earnest young ministers.

"I remained in London on sick leave for three months," he continued, "and heard these men preach. When I went again to sea I went back to the old ship a new man. I had been converted and had joined the Church."

He paused, and James leaned a little closer toward him.

"And now I'm going back—back to my dear, old, lonely mother and sister. O, how ungrateful and wicked I have been! But, my friend, I'm going back clean. And I thank God for that."

James was strangely affected by Fred Galbraith's story. He felt drawn to the young Christian sailor by some intangible influence which he could not explain. And when they arrived at Liverpool, he did not hesitate in accepting Fred's invitation to accompany him home.

He had no other place to go. He was in Liverpool and somewhere in that vast mass of humanity was his future wife. How he was to find her he knew not.

The sailor's eyes became moist as the two men walked down the familiar street, passing spots made lasting in his memory by daily contact in youth. His pace quickened as he caught sight of the old home—the little thatched cottage where he had been born, where he had spent the happy days of childhood—yes, and where he had kissed his sobbing mother goodbye fifteen years ago. James walked in silence, instinctively reading the chain of thoughts passing through the sailor's mind.

The greeting was a joyous one. Both mother and son wept tears of joy. And then when Margaret came home for lunch, completing the family circle, the Galbraith home felt a spirit of happiness unknown for years.

Fred's mother and sister both gave James a hearty welcome and he soon felt perfectly at ease in the Galbraith home. A peculiar light, an indication of recognition, came into James' eye when he met Margaret. She was a dark-haired girl of about twenty summers, sociable, pleasant and fascinating. Her sweet

smile, soft brown eyes, and delicately-cut mouth—where had he seen them before?

Like a flash the answer came. His dream! Could it be true, Margaret Galbraith, his wife-to-be? He tried hard to restrain himself but could not.

"Miss Galbraith, I have seen you before. I knew you in the spirit world. God gave you to me for my wife in this world. I saw you again last night in a dream, and I came to Liverpool to find you."

A look, half of fright and astonishment, came into the girl's eyes. A little scream escaped her lips. She stepped back toward her mother, eyeing James Wilson the while. The mother and son looked on in bewilderment.

"Why, man, you're mad," Margaret Galbraith cried.

"I am not mad, Miss Galbraith, I know all these seems outrageous to you. But it is true—all of it. Miss Margaret, you are to be my wife. To show my sincerity I shall leave my savings, a hundred pounds in notes, with you. A year from this date if you decide to become my wife, and your mother is willing, you may write me to that effect and I will come to you at once. If your answer is to the contrary, simply return the money."

That night a party of four, radiantly happy, attended the Princess theatre. One of the party, James Wilson, a few hours later boarded the midnight express for London, a hundred pounds less in his pocket but with a heart throbbing with new-discovered joy.

* * * * *

A year passed, bringing few changes in the small manufacturing city of Bridgeport. A number of events of importance, however, are worthy of record. The King and Queen had opened the new infirmary; the textile workers had won quite a notable victory after a three-weeks' strike; Lord Gobbleland had bought a new estate; Jim Leatherbarrow's wife, Martha, had committed suicide; and James Wilson, electrical engineer at the Bridgeport and Huxley Light and Tramway company's plant, had joined the "Mormons."

It was May again, just a year since James had taken his peculiar mission to Liverpool. On the day of the expiration of the year James came home earlier than usual. He was grave, taciturn, and looked the very picture of unhappiness. His mother noticed it and instantly asked the cause. When James revealed the cause, the pan she was scouring fell to the floor.

"So it has come to this at last, has it?" she stormed, "I told you not to join them devilish 'Mormons,'—the scum of the earth. I knew you'd lose your job. No one wants a 'Mormon' around. Go—go with the 'Mormons'—go to your dirty, slick-tongued elders."

James quietly sat down. He made no reply, but his face showed that the attack from his mother had hurt. He slowly opened a letter, which she had given him at his entrance. It bore a Liverpool date stamp. As he opened it, a hundred pounds in Bank of England notes fell out.

A cold clammy chill crept over him as he crumpled them into his pocket. His head whirled, his eyes swam. So it had been all a myth. He had been deceived. His dream was only a delusion. He guessed the old vicar was right after all.

He was about to cast the envelope into the grate, but something restrained him. He smoothed it out and looked inside. There was a letter.

Feverishly withdrawing it, James read :

Liverpool, May 12.

My dear Mr. Wilson:—Enclosed you will find your money, one hundred pounds. I should never have accepted it had you not been insistent. I trust that it will reach you safely. I have very carefully considered your most extraordinary proposal. But I cannot accept you as you are. In doing so, I feel somehow that I am forfeiting much of my happiness. I am convinced, Mr. Wilson, that your proposal was most honorable. But there is one great obstacle, which makes marriage with you impossible. That is the only thing that stands in the way. It is a matter of religion. I cannot marry outside of my Church. That is against my principles. I am very sorry—just how sorry I cannot tell you—but, Mr. Wilson, it can never be. I thank you and wish you well.

Sincerely your friend,

(Signed) MARGARET GALBRAITH.

There was a postscript :

P. S.—I might add that I should be delighted to have you read something of our religion. My brother is sending you some tracts under separate cover. You know mother and I were baptized six months ago, and we are supremely happy. My brother, as you know, joined the Church in London. Mr. Wilson, we are what the world calls—"Mormons." But do not be foolish like most people who condemn us before they investigate our principles. Read and judge for yourself. We all leave tomorrow by the *S. S. Campania*, for Zion. Goodbye again. Mother and Fred send love.

M. G.

Tomorrow! *S. S. Campania!* James looked at his watch. Leaving his unhappy parents pelting him with a broadside of unbecoming language, he rushed down to the telegraph office, hastily

dispatched a message, then hastened back home to settle accounts with his militant kinsfolk.

* * * * *

When the *S. S. Campania* steamed proudly out of Liverpool harbor for New York, the next day, James Wilson was one of the passengers. And that night on the deck, with a million stars brilliantly aglow in the heavens, and a great white moon climbing out of the bosom of the waves, a young man and woman, their faces alight with ecstasy, found a cozy, sequestered nook furnishing them with a view of the beautiful picture. It was James Wilson and Margaret Galbraith.

And there, amid the splendor of a summer night at sea, in the presence of the God who made the mighty waters and called them "good," the pledge of love was given, sealed with a kiss of pure devotion that made the angels sing.

Pastoral Lullaby.

Linda Kartchner.

In the top of the tall old aspen tree
The wind is lulling the birds to sleep.
A slumbering song to the birdies three
It sings, and the birdies softly cheep.

The fond mother bird, in the lull of the breeze,
To her wee ones three so softly sings.
And now the wind rocks them, and mother bird sees
Her babies are slumbering under her wings.

The lambs are dozing in clover near by,
And mother sheep with them in slumber are drawn.
To the land of Nod the lambkins hie,
And mother sheep, too, slides dreamily on.

On the sea of slumber, by fairies steered,
Sail on, my baby, to sleep, just so;
To the realm of Nod, by fairies endeared,
To the land where the birdies and lambkins go.

The November Garden.

BULB PLANTING TIME

Morag

"And that which thou sowest, thou sowest not that body that shall be. * * * But God giveth it a body as it pleaseth Him, and to every seed its own body. * * * So also is the resurrection of the dead." I Cor. 15 chapter 37, 38, 42.

The bright, sunny days of our "Indian Summer" provide an ideal time to prepare our garden beds and borders of the Dutch Bulbs, Hyacinths, Tulips, Narcissi, Crocus, etc. They give, for a small outlay of time and money, an abundance of flowers in the house from Thanksgiving until Easter, and in the garden from the time the snow is off the ground until the middle of May.

The blubs are received by our local florists in October, and may be planted outdoors almost up to Christmas.

The bed should be well dug at least to the depth of one foot, and thoroughly raked, and mixed with well-rotted manure.

For planting, use a pointed stick or dibber. Lily blubs should be planted six inches deep, and a foot apart; narcissus and hyacinths five inches deep, and six inches apart; Tulips, four inches deep, and four to six inches apart, while the smaller bulbs, as snowdrops, crocus, scilla may be closer together and about three inches deep.

First in importance come the tulips in several divisions. Earliest of all are the single tulips. The early double tulips come next, to be followed in May by the so-called cottage tulips, and the Darwins at the end of the season.

The Darwin Tulips are splendid beyond description, tall and stately, flowers of great size and substance, lasting full twice as long as other tulips, their exquisite colors ranging from pure white to almost black, including the loveliest shades of pink, crimson, lilac, violet, and others.

Next in value come the various narcissi, daffodils, jonquils, They are lovely scattered in groups along the edge of a lawn or close to a building, and these may be left undisturbed for several years. Hyacinths are usually grown in beds, as they have a stiff formal appearance. Those bulbs should be planted five inches deep, on a layer of sand. Hyacinths often disappoint by running out in a few years, and it is well to store them in the cellar during the summer. Crocus and snowdrops may be planted

in the lawn and will be through flowering before it is time for cutting the grass.

All of these bulbs are splendid for cemetery planting and will take care of themselves, making the graves of our dear ones, a place of beauty during the early spring.

Flowers in the house all winter.

It is possible to have an abundant supply of flowers in the house from Thanksgiving until Easter, at a very small cost. Roman and Dutch hyacinths, paper white narcissus, Chinese sacred lily, and several varieties of polyanthus narcissus, can be grown in the house, and are the most satisfactory bulbs that can be grown for winter flowers. The most delightful way is to plant a quantity in a fern dish or jardiniere, suitable for using as a centerpiece for the dining table. The soil should be light and rich, one third good soil, one third sand, and one third well-rotted manure, the bulbs planted thickly, but should not touch. Water thoroughly, and set in the darkest corner of a cool cellar, for several weeks, water about every two weeks. If brought to the light by first of December you may be sure of flowers for the holidays. Paper white narcissi can be grown in water the same as the Chinese Lily which they surpass in every respect. The Dutch Hyacinths should be kept in the cellar until February 1st. Single early tulips and daffodils may be brought to the light March 1, and a splendid display can be had for Easter. One word of caution. Do not water too often, while bulbs are in cellar, or they may become mouldy and rot. To insure a succession of winter flowers, then, first plant, Roman hyacinths, next paper white narcissus, Chinese lilies, Dutch hyacinths, early tulips, polyanthus, narcissus, daffodils. The following narcissus are the best for house culture, Bicolor Empress, Emperor, Von Sion, Poeticus, Incomparabilis, Alba Stella, Golden Spur, Ornatus, Gloriosa, Grand Monarch and Grand Soliel d'or.

Most or all of these bulbs can be obtained from any of our local florists, as Porter Walton, Vogler, Miller Floral Co., Bailey. Send for their catalogues; and sisters if you have to make a small sacrifice in order to get them do plant some bulbs.

November Garden Notes

When the tops of gladioli turn yellow and brown, and the dahlias have been nipped by frost, they should be dug up, dried in the sun for a few days, covering well at night to keep the bulbs from freezing, then remove tops about six inches from gladioli and eight or ten inches on dahlias, as the shoots or eyes

for next year's growth are found at the base of the old stalk. Store in a cool, frost-proof cellar. Gladioli may be placed in your goldenglow and other perennials, and space up your beds; your goldenglow and other perennials, and space up your beds wherever possible cover up any seedlings with well-rotted stable litter, tops of plants, etc. When the chrysanthemums have gotten through flowering, or have been frozen, they, too, should be cut down; all remaining annuals should be uprooted and removed and the garden left to receive its winter blanket of protecting snow. Attention should now be given to indoor gardening house plants, and the bulbs.

UNITED STATES SCHOOL GARDEN ARMY.

A very useful and valuable movement has been undertaken by the government through the Department of the Interior and Bureau of Education; viz.: to establish school supervised gardens. In the east a large response to the appeal of the Bureau was made and we are told that two million children are now enrolled in the School Garden movement.

The National Council of Women have endorsed the movement. Certainly the descendants of the Utah Pioneers ought to feel a vital interest in the working out of this school plan.

Brigham Young held always that any education which did not provide practical training for the hand as well as theory for the head was of little value. His inspired efforts to persuade his people to build homes and plant fields has resulted in making Utah a state of homes, fields and gardens. It was through his instruction and example that our streets are wide, bordered with trees while our homes are embowered in gardens and flowers. Utah therefore should respond liberally to this government movement. Children who are occupied happily in gardens are not upon the streets and they acquire character while they are becoming acquainted with nature. We recommend to our mothers an interest in this movement. The slogan is: "A garden for every child, every child in a garden."

Letters addressed to the Department of the Interior, Bureau of Education United States School Garden Army, Washington, D. C., will bring to any individual stories and pamphlets concerning the movement.

THE OFFICIAL ROUND TABLE



Conducted by Mrs. Clarissa Smith Williams and Mrs. Amy Brown Lyman.

We present here the picture of the late President of the St. Joseph Stake Relief Society, Sister Elizabeth Layton. She has presided twenty years with her counselor Mrs. Selena Phillips at the head of that stake.



MRS. ELIZABETH LAYTON, WITH COUNSELORS MRS. SELENA PHILLIPS
AND MRS. FRANCES KIMBALL.

In the re-organization of the Stake Mrs. Andrew Kimball became president; but we are happy to present to our readers the picture of Sister Layton who has been such an educative factor and uplifting force in that far away stake of Zion, Io, these many years. This picture should have appeared in the series devoted to our Stake Presidents, but was not then received.

International Conference of Women Physicians.

An important and fruitful conference of women physicians from the European and American nations was held in New York on September 15th to 25th. Questions of physical, social and moral health were discussed.

Among the delegates present were: Dr. Marie Louise Lawaese-Delhaye of Antwerp; Dr. Betty Agerholm, Dr. Johanne Freilberg and Dr. Estrid Hein of Copenhagen, and Dr. Christine Murrel and Dr. Mary Gordon of London. France, China, Italy, Norway, Sweden, Switzerland, Japan and Uruguay and other south American countries were represented.

Indictments were voiced by the sensible, cultured, and scientifically trained women against the foolish dress of women; their corsets, high-heeled shoes, thin winter clothing and the weakness which results from thus breaking the laws of nature. Prohibition was endorsed, cigarette smoking condemned and public health in general advocated.

The River Jordan Quarantined. "No more baptisms in the River Jordan," say health authorities in Palestine. Bathing in the consecrated stream, famous in sacred history, has been forbidden as a result of the discovery by American physicians that its waters carry dangerous disease germs.

One of the first steps taken by the American Red Cross in the relief work in that region was an analysis of the river water. It was found laden with the germs of skin diseases and other contagious maladies.

Because of the sacred traditions connected with bathing in the Jordan restrictions have never been placed on the practice. At certain seasons of the year, thousands of natives journey great distances to bathe in the river, believing that they will receive spiritual uplift and be made pure. The ban on unrestricted bathing probably will continue until the epidemic of typhus in eastern countries is checked.

General Board.

The General Board held an all day session on Thursday, September 4. The time was devoted to the hearing of reports of the various stakes recently visited, and to discussing problems connected therewith. In summarizing the reports we find among the good features, better attendance of stake and ward officers at the Relief Society Annual Conference, keener interest in the various activities and better preparation. In some instances it was reported that every stake officer was in attendance at the Conference and practically every ward officer. As the official Conference comes but once a year, each active and interested Relief Society officer makes her plans far ahead so that she can be in attendance at all Relief Society meetings.

In some few stakes it was reported that stake officers have failed to convey the general instructions received from Relief Society Headquarters, to the ward officers and workers. Many important items of information which have been sent to the stake

officers have not been carried on to the wards. It was also reported that in some stakes very little, if any preparation had been made for the stake conference, and in some instances ward officers and lay members were not even notified of the meetings. The Relief Society Conference dates, with an outlined program, were sent out from the General office early in May. This matter was also published in the May Magazine. Still, there were instances where Relief Society members did not seem to know about the Conferences.

The reports showed a great improvement in general conditions over the reports of last year, but there is still room for improvement.

A very interesting feature of the session was a report from the Relief Societies of the Hawaiian Mission, by Mrs. Elizabeth C. McCune, who has just returned after spending six months on the Islands. She enjoyed her visit very much and in connection with Brother Plunket gave a course of lessons in Genealogy to the Sisters in Honolulu, who took a keen interest in the work.

(Note. Through a typographical error in our last number, the frontispiece title of the picture of Dr. Anna Howard Shaw was marred by the addition of Supage—a misprint for “see page—.”)

Visit from Pres. Wilson and wife to Pres. Emmeline B. Wells.

Upon their recent visit to Salt Lake City, President and Mrs. Woodrow Wilson made a call upon our beloved President Emmeline B. Wells, in her apartments in the Hotel Utah. The Presidential Party occupied a suite on the eighth floor of the Hotel, adjacent to Mrs. Well's apartment, and soon after their arrival they sent a messenger to see if it would be convenient for Mrs. Wells to see them. It is needless to say that Mrs. Wells, who is always delighted to receive callers, was especially pleased and honored with this request, and it was granted at once. A few moments later the President, with his charming wife were standing at the bedside of President Wells, where they chatted for ten or fifteen minutes. President Wilson expressed appreciation of the great work Mrs. Wells has done along the lines of suffrage and philanthropy, and heartily thanked her for the part played by the Relief Society during the war, mentioning especially the releasing of 100,000 bushels of wheat for immediate consumption.

NOTES FROM THE FIELD

Nebo Stake

On September 6, Mrs. Eliza Goodso Jex, wife of Patriarch William Jex, died at her home in Spanish Fork, at the

age of 93 years. Mrs. Jex has been an active Relief Society worker serving in the capacity of President for many years. She was the mother of eleven children, grandmother of 114, great-grandmother of 124, and great-great-grandmother of five. There had married into the family, 55, so that at the time of her death the family membership comprised 311, of which 254 were living. On the day of her death Mrs. Jex was up and about the house in apparent good health. She prepared breakfast and, as it was her husband's birthday, was planning a dainty dinner for him. Almost without notice she felt sick and weak and soon passed away. Mrs. Jex will be greatly missed by her family and also by the community in which she had been so prominent.

Saint Joseph Stake.

At the stake conference held in Thatcher, Arizona, on August 10, 1919, resolutions were adopted providing for a weekly half holiday and sacred Sabbath and declaring against the use of tobacco in any form, especially with minors. The vast assembly pledged themselves to sustain the law upon the Statute books prohibiting the sale of tobacco to minors, and the use of tobacco by minors, and to support the officers of the state committee and towns in carrying out the purpose of this law. The resolutions were passed by 1,050, representing 6,000 Latter-day Saints of the Saint Joseph stake. The General Board of Relief Society takes this opportunity to congratulate President Andrew Kimball and his associates on this splendid effort for community betterment and welfare work.

Parowan Stake.

The energetic Relief Society women of Cedar City, two years ago, purchased the old school building in the center of town, which was for sale, and remodeled it for Relief Society purposes. The price paid was \$2,000 and the remodeling cost \$2,000 more. The floors and roof were in splendid condition and the interior was re-arranged. On the first floor a large room was reserved for a Relief Society Hall and several additional rooms were fitted up for the use of the Red Cross. On the second floor a partition was placed the length of the entire building. On one side, two cozy apartments were arranged, with four rooms in each, and they are constantly occupied at \$20 a month. These apartments were fitted with all modern conveniences, including toilet and bath. The remaining portion on the second floor was furnished as a large auditorium and dance hall, with hard-wood floor and beautiful wall decoration. Adjoining the auditorium is a kitchen with a range and all conveniences for serving luncheons. The auditorium is rented for

dancing parties at from \$7 to \$10 each night. Every dancing party that is given in the hall is chaperoned by two Relief Society women, whether the dance is private or public.

North Davis Stake.

In August, 1919, the North Davis stake was re-organized. Mrs. Emma J. D. Strong, who has served so faithfully as stake president, was released on account of ill health, and Miss Emily Brough was appointed to fill the vacancy caused by the resignation of Mrs. Strong. Miss Brough's counselors are Elizabeth H. Layton and Lavina Greene. The secretary and treasurer remain as before.

Northwestern Conference on Tuberculosis and Public Health.

The third annual meeting of the Northwestern Conference on Tuberculosis and Public Health was held in Boise, on September 29, October 1. The auxiliary organizations of the Church were represented as follows: Relief Society, Amy Brown Lyman; Y. M. M. I. A., Dr. John H. Taylor; the Y. L. M. I. A., Mrs. Ruth May Fox, and the Primary Association by Miss Ann Nebeker. The following topics were discussed in detail: Methods of General Health, Educational Health in the Schools, Public Clinics, Public Health Nursing, Sanitarium Equipment and Management. It is believed that much information was gained at this convention which can be used to advantage in connection with the educational and practical work of the various Auxiliary organizations.

Information Given.

The Chamber of Commerce, of New York, recently wrote the Relief Society Office asking for data and information regarding Relief Society work, which they desired to have on file for reference. It is needless to state that the request was granted with pleasure.

Eastern States Mission, Philadelphia, Pa.

We are pleased to acknowledge an error made in our last Magazine with regard to the funds raised in the Philadelphia Relief Society. Our former report stated that these women had raised \$16 from their bazaar. The report should have read, that the profit from the bazaar was over \$150 and \$95 from an "Emergency Aid Benefit" supper. We hope the people in this branch will overlook this error.

Idaho Stake.

Two teachers' conventions were recently held in Idaho stake, on July 29 and August. The stake was divided into two districts, one convention being held at Soda Springs and the other at Bancroft. The importance of the work of the teachers was

elaborated upon and all problems connected with the work thoroughly discussed.

Cottonwood Stake.

One of the most successful Relief Society parties ever given in this stake was the charity ball with which the Cottonwood stake Relief Society Board opened their season's work Friday evening, September 5, in the Granite stake tabernacle. A wealth of American flags, and baskets of the season's flowers made the dance hall gay with color; the reception rooms were enriched with sculptured pieces and oil paintings by Avard Fairbanks; and in the dining room, punch and cakes were served from two long tables dainty with cut-flowers in crystal baskets. A seven piece orchestra furnished the music.

During the evening, Miss Melvira Higgs, of the University of Utah, danced in costume a fancy Japanese dance. Prizes offered for the best waltzing among those over forty years of age were won by Mrs. Rena Wheeler and Mr. Jenkins; and under forty years, by Mrs. Agnes R. Mackay and Mr. Barker.

Over eight hundred tickets at fifty cents each were sold for the occasion, the entire proceeds from which will be devoted to the Society's Christmas fund. The arrangements were made by the Stake Relief Society Board, of which Mrs. Amanda N. Bagley, Mrs. Mary E. S. Cornwall, and Mrs. Rena M. D. Wheeler are the presidency.

L. D. S. Hawaiian Mission, Island of Maui, Paia Relief Society.

Generally speaking the island of Maui is one of the four principal islands of the Hawaiian group; but, to Latter-day



PAIA RELIEF SOCIETY.

Saints it is the principal island, due to the fact, that it was here where the work of the Lord was first established among people of the Pacific Isles, by President George Q. Cannon, who began his missionary work in the year 1850, baptizing his first convert in Pulehu, Maui, which town is situated on the slope of the largest extinct volcano in the world, Haleakula. (House of the Sun) He sowed the seed of faith in the hearts of many precious souls. His great foundation work was built upon gloriously a few years later by President Joseph F. Smith, who is still remembered for his loving disposition and kind attitude towards this branch of Israel, by every Saint and many non-Mormons in these islands.

The work of these good and great men has grown and developed until worthy of mention, with an organized Relief Society in every branch where there are enough people to make it possible. We have Relief Societies in each of the following branches: Wailuku and Waikapu in the West Maui Conference; Paia, Kapalaia and Pulehu in the Central Maui Conference and Nahiku in the East Maui Conference.

These Relief Societies are the means of doing much good on this island, through their meetings, which are held weekly; here the sisters are taught the first principles of the Gospel, and this intimate labor among the wives and mothers is doing more in teaching this nation of people to live pure lives than any thing else upon the earth. Not only are these Relief Society sisters benefiting themselves, but through their untiring efforts in giving moving pictures, dances, concerts, bazaars, etc., they have raised thousands of dollars towards the erection of a house of the Lord in their midst. Besides this they are very thoughtful and active in caring for the poor and the needy.

The Wailuku Relief Society being situated in the metropolis of the island has been able to do much Red Cross work, besides buying several Liberty bonds.

It should be kept in mind that these sisters who have done so much, especially in donating untiringly for the temple, are not well-to-do, financially, but, on the other hand are extremely poor; they are very devout, however, and feel that their first duty is towards the Church.

Now that the temple is completed and about to be dedicated, they are turning their devout attention to searching for the records of their dead ancestors; although they know very little of them, they feel confident that through the help of the Lord these records shall be made known, as indeed, some of them have already been.

During the last three weeks Elder Wm. Waddoups, president of the Hawaiian temple, has been taking up genealogical work

with the Relief Society sisters of the West and Central Maui conferences. His labors have been very successful and the Saints are beginning to receive abundantly the spirit of Elijah. President Waddoups is now in the East Maui conference with Elders Porter and Johnson, instilling into the hearts of the people on that side of the island the importance and significance of temple work.

President E. Wesley Smith accompanied by Elder Wilford W. King, secretary of the Hawaiian mission, have been meeting and acquainting themselves with the sisters of West and Central Maui during the past week, and their visit has been greatly appreciated by all those who have heard their kind words of encouragement and advice. President Smith is very well pleased with the existing conditions on Maui, and feels that the Relief Societies are accomplishing a great work.

President Smith and Elder King left Maui August 27 on the *S. S. Mauna Kea* for the island of Hawaii, where they will spend three weeks in teaching and encouraging the Saints, as well as acquainting themselves with conditions on that island.

SAMUEL P. COWLEY.

HANDY HINTS

A dependable device for locking the lower window when the upper sash is open is easily made in this way. Bore a hole about three-sixteenths of an inch in diameter diagonally through the lower window sash into the window frame. The lock to insert is a straight piece of No. 9 iron wire, the end of which is bent over to form a handle. It is impossible to raise a window sash that is locked in this simple way. Screens and either sash, whether open or closed, may be securely locked by the same means.

Oiled mops lose their efficiency when they become too dirty and caked with dust. They may be washed in strong hot suds, but this can be done much better if the mop is first washed in gasoline to cut the oil. Gasoline which has been used for cleaning purpose should be saved for this purpose. After the mop has been well washed in gasoline let it dry, then wash in suds. Then when thoroughly dry, oil it again and it is as good as ever. The best way to apply the oil is to pour a little in the box the mop comes in and put the mop with the strings down into the can and let it remain for a few days to evenly absorb the oil.

"The only way a thing will run itself is DOWN HILL."
Uncle Sam Hampton.



Conducted by Janette A. Hyde and Lucille Y. McAllister.

REMODELING.

The fall and winter styles are showing many dresses with jumper effects. The jumper idea, though having been used for years is still good, though each recurrence shows variation. This style is particularly useful in making over dresses. Very often the jumper may be cut in the neck and arm eye so as to hide the portion of the under-dress which is unsightly or out of style.

The jumper also affords a touch of newness, as one may make either contrast in material or contrast in color. For example, we might use a plain material for a jumper of a skirt of plaid or stripe; or a figured jumper might be used with a plain material.

Another advantage of the jumper is that it takes a small amount of material and affords much variety in finish of edges, length from the waist down, etc. By properly placing the length one may make the jumper to suit the figure.

The waist to be used under the jumper also affords a number of possibilities. It may be made of voile, organdy, crepe or any fine, soft material, but is always made of lighter weight material than the skirt and jumper, but often of the same color as the skirt. The waist cut, or butterfly lines, or with the sleeve and waist all in one, are best suited to being worn under a jumper. The set in sleeve is not so good for this purpose as the seam, as the armeye often destroys the effect of unity.

The edges of the jumper may be bound, pecoted, piped or faced. The belt or sash may be long or short, narrow or wide and may be buttoned or tied.

Figure No. I is a black and white costume on jumper lines. The skirt is of black and white wool, check-finished on the edges, and straps over the shoulder, of black satin. The waist underneath of whit georgette crepe. One could also use a waist like the skirt for afternoon or street wear. This dress would be serviceable for many occasions and becoming to young girls as well as women.

The use of draperies over the skirt affords a splendid opportunity for making over a party dress. The dress of the season before, can be made entirely new and up to date by covering with drapes. Even the color might be changed by the use of dyes. As most evening dresses are of light colors and silk materials, they can be very successfully dyed, but it is well to make sure you send it to a reliable dyer who understands his work enough not to ruin the goods.



Figure III



Figure II



Figure I

The drapery to be added may be either plain or figured. This year we have many beautiful designs and colors in the crepes and brocades suitable for drapes.

Figure II was made from a dress of last year. The foundation is of sage-green satin, and was thoroughly cleaned and cut in camisole style at the top. The drapery is of black georgette crepe with a large figure in shades of the same green. This is livened by adding a band of gold cloth in the upper part of the waist and girdle, and rose of gold cloth also a piping of gold cloth around the lower part of the sleeve.

Another idea, especially useful for a young girl, is the skirt set low on the long waist as in Figure III. This style of skirt may be made from last year's pleated skirt, by pressing the pleats out carefully. This style also affords a chance for the use of plain and figured materials or contrasting colors.

The upper portion, as the design shows, is cut butterfly and may be made with either long or short sleeves.

THANKSGIVING RECEIPTS.

Apple Dumpling.—Five medium sized cooking apples sliced and stewed with honey, syrup or sugar. Flavor with cinnamon or nutmeg. Partly cool. Take 1 teacup milk; 3 tablespoons Baking Powder; $\frac{1}{8}$ teaspoon salt; 1 egg well whipped; flour enough to make a good stiff drop batter. Drop from end into kettle of boiling salted water. Cover with tight lid and boil for five minutes. Remove to back of stove and let remain boiling for another five minutes. Serve on platter with drawn butter, and the stewed apple sauce, or Maple syrup or honey served with dumplings makes a very delicious and inexpensive desert.

Peach Cup Pudding.—Take peaches and peel and stone or use the fresh peaches which have been put up during the summer months, drain off the juice. Drop into Ramekins or teacups. Take same batter as for apple dumplings cover the peach in the ramekin with one large tablespoon batter. Put in double boiler and steam for twenty minutes. Serve with white sauce flavored with lemon or vanilla.

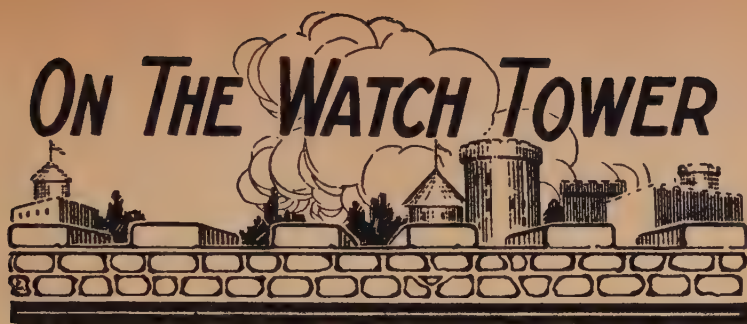
Liberty Sauce (very inexpensive and tasty).

A very delicious sauce may be made for fruit puddings or custards by making a medium white sauce, adding while steaming hot to one-half pint of sauce four tb. current, apple or grape jelly.

Sweet Salad Dressing.—1 Tb. butter; 1 Tb. flour; $\frac{1}{2}$ pint water; 3 Tb. sugar, syrup or honey. Let boil until clear and thick, flavor with juices of fruits which have been left in Fresh fruit or preserved fruit jars. Those who are fortunate enough to have cream may add whipped cream to the same dressing. This dressing is very delicious for fruit salads or may be used over head lettuce. $\frac{1}{2}$ Tb. Lemon juice may be added to create the tart flavor.

Stale Bread Crumb Pudding.—Take stale bread crumbs add drawn butter. Put in layer of crumbs layer of stewed apples until the amount desired has been secured. Using crumbs as top layer on pudding. Place in oven and bake 30 minutes. May be served with the Liberty sauce.

Sweet Potato Croquettes.—Peel sweet potatoes, boil until thoroughly done, drain, add salt, pepper and one well beaten egg. Shape into cones or balls, roll in bread crumbs then in whipped egg. Fry in deep fat until a delicate brown.



James H. Anderson.

THE FRENCH chamber of deputies ratified the peace treaty with Germany on October 2.

SMALLER VEGETABLE CROPS are reported in Utah for 1919 than for several preceding years.

TWO MEXICANS were lynched at Pueblo, Colo., in September. They had murdered a policeman.

JUGO-SLAV regular troops fired on an Italian vessel on October 1st, and further trouble may result.

SUGAR shortage in the United States is predicted for 1920, with prices as high as 25 cents per pound.

IN SHELLEY, Idaho, on Sept. 25, forty business houses were destroyed by fire, with a loss of \$100,000.

CHIHUAHUA, Mexico, was the scene of disastrous floods in September, one town being wholly swept away.

SENATOR JOHNSON, of California, was billed to speak in Salt Lake City in October, on the league of nations.

INFLUENZA cases to the number of 300 were reported in the United States during the week ending Sept. 28.

RACE RIOTS occurred in seven States of the Union in September, with loss of life and property in each instance.

THREE LYNCHINGS of negroes within 12 hours was the record of Montgomery, Ala., the last week in September.

RUMANIA refused, in Septemebr, to sign the peace treaty with Austria—a portent of further trouble in the Balkans.

IN IRELAND, in September, British troops suppressed Sinn Fein gatherings and made many arrests for sedition.

A FOSSIL WHALE 40 feet long, bigger than Jonah's carrier-fish, was unearthed at Newport, Oregon, in September.

TURKEY is reported as aiming at a religious war, to preserve its national integrity against division by the entente allies.

IN RUSSIA, the All-Russia government of Admiral Kolchak was overthrown by the Bolsheviki, the last week in September.

IN GREAT BRITAIN, on Sept. 27, nearly 600,000 railway men went on strike, paralyzing the country's transportation system.

BOSTON, Mass., was the scene of terrible outrages, particularly on women, during the policemen's strike there in September.

GERMANY's national legislature adopted its budget by unanimous vote in September, this being one event indicating a united Germany.

PRESIDENT WILSON had to cancel engagements on his return tour of the United States, owing to nervous breakdown on September 27.

PALESTINE Christians became more pronounced than ever in September, in opposition to the Zionist movement for Jewish migration thither.

CHAS. C. RICHARDS, of Utah, was appointed in September, to be an assistant to the attorney general of the United States in Washington.

TELEPHONING by use of sun rays instead of a wire, is an invention announced from Great Britain in September; it developed during the war.

ITALY's elections are set for Nov. 16, with some prospect of arousing a national revolution for a change in the form of government there.

SIX HOURS A DAY, and five days a week, was the demand made by the United Mine Workers' convention at Cleveland, Ohio, on Sept. 11.

GERMANY was again subjected to an economic blockade on

September 30, to compel the withdrawal of German troops from the Baltic countries.

LABOR UNION STRIKES were reported from every State in the Union in September. In contemplation, Book of Mormon, Ether 8:18-26, is interesting.

FRANCE faces another war in the near future, is the prediction of Gen. Foch. This time Italy is expected to be one of the nations on the other side.

THE TEXAS COAST at Galveston and vicinity was visited by a hurricane and sea-flood on September 21, with a loss of 620 lives and great destruction of property.

MEXICAN INDIAN LABORERS to the number of many thousand moved northward into the United States during August and September, and the movement still goes on.

THE UTAH LEGISLATURE was convened in special session on Sept. 29, primarily to ratify the equal suffrage amendment to the national Constitution, which was done.

MAUNA LOA, the great volcano on the island of Hilo, Hawaii, burst forth in the last week in September, and a vast stream of lava flowed 30 miles to the ocean in 12 hours.

THE FARMERS' international congress at Kansas City, on Sept. 26, protested against the "voluntary laziness" exhibited in demands of labor unions for a six-hour-day.

THE UTAH FEDERATION OF LABOR, on Sept. 11, adopted a resolution endorsing the soviet government in Russia, and forced the legislature to kill the anti-picketing bill.

IN ARKANSAS, on October 2, sixteen persons were killed in race riots in the town of Elaine, the governor of the State being among those fired on by the mob, but not hurt.

KING ALBERT, Queen Elizabeth, and Crown Prince Leopold, of Belgium, arrived in New York on October 2, for a brief tour in the United States. They were in Salt Lake October 9.

SEVERAL NEGRO ASSAULTS on white women in September put fuel on the race-riot fires smouldering in the United States. The Bolsheviks are working with the negroes according to the *Boston Transcript*.

PRESIDENT WILSON spoke on the league of nations treaty in the large tabernacle, Salt Lake City, on September 23, the vast auditorium being insufficient to accommodate all who assembled to hear him.

THE PEACE TREATY with Germany was reported to the United States Senate on Sept. 10, with 45 proposed amendments and four reservations. The outlook at the end of September was that the treaty would be adopted without the amendments, but with the reservations.

STEEL-WORKERS to the number of about 300,000 struck on Sept. 22, the chief issue being the "closed shop." Many people think the outcome of the strike will determine whether or not the labor unions will dominate all industrial plants in the United States, to the exclusion of all other classes of labor.

MOBS AT OMAHA, Nebraska, in the latter part of September, lynched a negro, and hanged Mayor E. P. Smith, who was rescued in a critical condition as a result of his injuries. The mayor was urging the mob to abide by the law when he was set upon. The county courthouse and jail also were burned.

CAPT. GABRIELLE D'ANNUNCIO, Italy's aviator-poet, seized Fiume, on the Dalmation coast of the Adriatic sea, in September, in the name of Italy, defying the allied council at Paris. His force of 2,000 men was rapidly augmented to 200,000. On October 1, the Italian chamber of deputies declared in favor of Italy holding Fiume.

THE OCTOBER CONFERENCE of the Church was marked by an expression of unity on the part of the General Authorities of the Church in their support of President Heber J. Grant and the General Authorities and a deeply sympathetic attitude towards the League of Nations. A vital chord struck was President Grant's uncompromising attitude towards societies, clubs, or unions which curtail by force or intimidation the rights and liberties of others.

AT SEATTLE, WASHINGTON, when President Wilson was there, "what was vital and disturbing to the eastern observer was the atmosphere of unrest, of mob psychology and mob inclination, which made the whole presidential party nervous throughout the 36 hours of their stay in Seattle," is the way newspaper correspondents describe the scene. No doubt the President's life was in danger for a time, not due to peace treaty discussion, but to the radical socialism and I. W. W.-ism rampant there.

EDITORIAL

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Motto—Charity Never Faileth

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No. 11.

THE FALSE AND THE TRUE.

Many people are mystified by the close likeness of the false and the true things in this life. Brigham Young used to say that “the devil would give you nine truths to get you to believe one error,” and he would add, “I will give any man nine errors for one truth.”

The world is full of garbled truths in social, civil, and religious life. The principles revealed through the Prophet Joseph Smith concerning the United Order, the Word of Wisdom, and many other phases of our temporal salvation have been picked up by the world, mixed in with their own errors, and are now placed before the world as great socialistic and prohibition ideas.

Brigham Young sought to introduce the United Order, according to the plan laid down by the Prophet Joseph Smith, but the people were not ready for it then, any more than they had been in the Prophet's own day; and it may be that we are not quite ready for it yet. Meanwhile, we are watching the world in its frantic efforts to introduce the pure principles of the United Order, and graft them on to their varying societies and unions. The United Order, in the hands of irreligious and unscrupulous men, will work quite as much injury to the human race as has the debased, corrupted form of the relation of sexes which covers Christendom with a rising tide of disease and death.

One might ask how, then, can the United Order be established? First, we would answer: it will not be established rightfully until the man who holds the keys of revelation from God to the people

of this earth announces the time and the condition. It is certain that men who are steeped in selfishness and greed will never be able to enter that Order, whether they are in the Church or out of the Church. The only principle upon which the United Order can be established is the principle of love, harmony and unselfish devotion one to the other. This people will no doubt share in the judgments of the Lord which are already being poured out upon the nations of the earth; but if they have the spirit of discernment, and the true seed of the gospel within them, it will sprout under the influence of sorrow and suffering until they have learned the bitter lesson of unselfish devotion to one another and to the kingdom of God. On the other hand, those who have not the love of God in their hearts will be hardened and embittered by suffering and trial; the judgments of the Lord will increase their rebellious attitude towards life and towards one another so that whatever fine theories they may adopt, lacking the Spirit of the Lord, their house of cards will fall to the ground with the first evidence of selfish greed on the part of their leaders.

Meanwhile, what of the socialists, and what should be the attitude of Latter-day Saints concerning these iconoclasts? We should leave them quietly alone, allowing them the same liberty of conscience and belief which we ourselves enjoy; but we will no more follow after their leaders, blind and mistaken as they are, than we will after the spiritualists like Conan Doyle and Sir Oliver Lodge who have the shadow of revelation while we have the rich substance, the pure revelations from God.

These are the perilous days, my sisters, see that you stand in holy places and be not moved.

Tomb, thou shalt not hold him longer,
Death is strong, but life is stronger;
Stronger than the dark, the light,
Stronger than the wrong, the right.

ROOSEVELT MEMORIAL.

A general movement is on foot to build a memorial to our Great American Colonel Theodore Roosevelt. A society has been organized with branches in each state and those in this state who are his devoted admirers, and there be hosts of them, will be glad to respond to the appeal made for funds to assist in this worthy tribute. We heartily commend the movement.

Guide Lessons.

LESSON I.

Theology and Testimony.

FIRST WEEK IN DECEMBER.

MIRACLES AND THE BOOK OF MORMON.

In IV Nephi we are told that thirty and eight years did pass away "and also the thirty and ninth and forty and first, and the forty and second: yea, even until forty and nine years had passed away, and also the fifty and first and the fifty and second: yea, and even until fifty and nine years had passed away.

And at that time we are told that "there were great and marvelous works wrought by the disciples of Jesus, insomuch that they did heal the sick and raise the dead, and cause the lame to walk, and the blind to receive sight, and all manner of miracles did they work among the children of men: and in nothing did they work miracles save it were in the name of Jesus."

To be sure the miracles wrought among the Nephites were similar to those wrought among the Jews, for their needs were similar.

They, too, had their blind, who received their sight, their lame who were made to walk, their sick who were suffering from innumerable bodily ills, all of whom were ministered to at various times by those bearing God's holy Priesthood.

Our attention, on more than one occasion has been arrested by miracles performed in the Book of Mormon to the confounding of those who railed against God. Sherem and Korihor the anti-Christ's being notable examples.

In fact, all the miracles in the Book of Mormon have been classified under three heads: the healing of the sick, (and in this class we have some instances of raising of the dead, as witness the case of Timothy stoned to death and raised by his brother Nephi), the deliverance of God's servants, and the punishment of the wicked, making three classes in all.

Miracles in the Book of Mormon come distinctly into the lime light towards the close of the history, when there was the sharpest possible cleavage between the Church of Christ and the churches of the devil, for the Book of Mormon tells us that "there was another church which denied the Christ; and they did persecute the true Church of Christ, because of their humility, and their belief in Christ; and they did despise them, because of the many miracles which were wrought among them. Therefore they did exercise power and authority over the disciples of

Jesus who did tarry with them, and they did cast them into prison: but by the power of the word of God, which were in them, the prisons were rent in twain, and they went forth doing mighty miracles among them; nevertheless and notwithstanding all these miracles the people did harden their hearts, and did seek to kill them, even as the Jews at Jerusalem sought to kill Jesus, according to his word:

“And they did cast them into furnaces of fire, and they came forth receiving no harm:

“And they also cast them into dens of wild beasts, and they did play with the wild beasts, even as a child with a lamb: and they did come forth from among them, receiving no harm.

“Nevertheless the people did harden their hearts, for they were led by many priests and false prophets to build up many churches and to do all manner of iniquity. And they did smite upon the people of Jesus; but the people of Jesus did not smite again, and thus they did dwindle in unbelief and wickedness from year to year, even until two hundred and thirty years had passed away.”

Now here are miracles of a very unusual sort, for they had three among them whom they could not put to death, three who had power to minister unto them in sickness and in dire distress of any sort.

Nothing could so testify to the wickedness of these people as the fact that they sought to kill these immoral beings who wrought nothing except what was for their good and their salvation here and in the great eternity before them.

The wickedness of these people has seldom been paralleled, and only surpassed in the case of the Jews who deliberately chose to crucify the Christ after all the mighty works he had wrought among them.

The lesson forces itself upon us, as we recite the horrors to which these Nephites were subjected, that the only effect virtue has upon the wicked is to incense them. There was nothing in the miracles wrought through Moses that brought salvation to the Egyptians: those miracles were wrought first for the children of Israel and, secondly, for the good of all those who believe in every generation, but they were the condemnation of the Egyptians.

So with the Nephites, time and time again, they sought to put to death these servants of the living God, these special witnesses of Christ. Surely they openly defied God, and showed that they loved darkness rather than light. But these holy men survived, and have survived to the blessing of mankind in all ages since the Christian Era.

When the story of their experiences are brought together, what a wonder tale it will be. Let your mind run over all the

marvelous events of history since the destruction of the last Nephite, and think what the Three Nephites have witnessed. No one can possibly conceive the wealth of their knowledge and understanding.

We once heard a member of the council of Twelve say that the three Nephites have been witnesses of all the changing scenes of earth, and that they will some day and rect history where it is wrong and be our ready reference on matters of long ago.

John the beloved, and the three Nephites have gone on with their work. It is not possible that we should understand its full significance. More than one testimony from missionaries is extant testifying to the fact that they have been assisted in their work by one who has appeared mysteriously and as mysteriously disappeared.

During the present war the soldiers were constantly testifying of the presence of persons to them supernatural, walking among the dead and the dying. So persistent was this testimony that magazines in Europe and America published the testimonies of these soldiers. We do not intimate that these persons saw any of the three Nephites for we do not know; it would be more than strange if the Nephites had not watched that terrible conflict and made record of it in a way that will some day redound to the future benefit of the world.

QUESTIONS AND PROBLEMS.

1. Classify the miracles of the Book of Mormon.
2. Give an example under each head. Tell something of the miracles performed during Christ's ministry among the Nephites.
3. Give an account of the miracle that heralded the birth of Christ.
4. Give an account of the miracle wrought at his crucifixion.
5. Discuss the statement: Miracles are wrought to the condemnation of some. Tell why?
6. Discuss the statement: Miracles are wrought to the eternal salvation of others. Tell why?
7. Can you find examples of miracles in these latter days which have encouraged people?
8. Tell some of the blessings that have come and may come to this earth because the three Nephites have tarried.

Note.—Concerning the answers to questions in the last theology lesson about the tabernacle organ, students may purchase for 25c a beautifully illustrated booklet about the organ from the Bureau of Information, Salt Lake City.

LESSON II. I

Work and Business.

SECOND WEEK IN DECEMBER.

LESSON III.

Genealogy.

THIRD WEEK IN DECEMBER.

ORIENTAL PAGAN SURNAMES.

(Surname Book, chapters 26, 27.)

In very recent times we have discovered that the oriental Pagans have centuries ago developed and maintained a very comprehensive system of surnaming their families and tribes. The Chinese, Japanese, Hindus and Turks are all descended from Japheth and themselves declare this, counting back in a straight line, many of them, to father Noah through Japheth.

Unlike the European nations they did not acquire their surnames by chance or circumstance but they arbitrarily selected surnames, adding thereto the name of the district in which they resided.

Extremely cautions were these Orientals in the choosing of a family genealogist, family recorder, or priest. If he failed through carelessness or forgetfulness to keep close record of the branches of the family his life was forfeit.

The Turks must not be counfounded with Arabs, for the Arabians are descended from Shem and Abraham, through Ishmael, while the Turkish race comes from Japheth.

The Orientals have always been great believers in temple building and temple worship, priesthood has been inherited as with the Hebrews. The temple rituals in these various Pagan countries have differed more in details than in the common belief in the worship of idols and the superstitions which always grow out of such worship. Surnaming of the various peoples therefore has taken on a priestly character and much of their worship depends upon the proved inheritance of the priestly lines. So imbedded in Chinese and Japanese religious life is the race inheritance that ancestor worship has become a part of the

Chinese and Japanese religions. Who can say that this is not a corrupted form of salvation for the dead?

QUESTIONS.

1. What customs were followed by the Chinese in surnaming themselves in the early ages? (See chapter 26, *Surname Book*.)
2. Who were the Pagan orientals descended from?
3. What is the difference between the Arabs and the Turks?
4. What can you say of the Mohammedan religion?
5. What is the meaning of Pagan?
6. Why did the Orientals build temples?

Note.—We call the attention of our students to the articles appearing in this and following *Magazines*, on Orientals' temples, and their habits and customs.

LESSON IV.

Home Courses.

FOURTH WEEK IN DECEMBER.

EFFICIENT HOUSEHOLD PURCHASING

Rose H. Widtsoe.

Every large business has learned through much trouble and considerable loss that the purchasing of its supplies and equipment must be attended to by one who understands the business of buying. A purchasing agent has come to be a necessary part of a business organization. These men and women are trained to know values, are informed on market conditions and are able to buy to the best advantage for their particular firms. Such agents save for their firms thousands of dollars which otherwise might have been wasted in misguided or poorly planned purchasing.

As was stated in the previous lesson, women spend nine-tenths of the money earned. If a specially trained purchasing agent is necessary to the success of a business enterprise, how much more necessary a well-trained purchasing agent is for the home. A purchasing agent aims to save money for his firm, but such an agent working for the interests of a home has a much bigger object in mind. She aims not especially to save money but to spend it economically. Since "economy no more means saving money than it means spending money" our household purchasing agent prepares herself to know values, to acquaint herself with the best markets and to plan ahead for her purchasing.

The first step in planning the use to be made of the family income is the making of the budget. Definite amounts of the income must be set aside for food, shelter, clothing, operating expenses, incidental expenses, savings, and higher life. These amounts must be known not only for the week or the month but for the whole year. It requires an outlook for the whole year; otherwise, a woman cannot plan purchases ahead, be systematic in her buying, and be enabled to take advantage of the many opportunities for saving which present themselves from season to season. With the increased cost in living the household purchasing agent must be alert. She must plan the expenditure of the income if it be small or moderate so as to furnish the necessities in food, clothing and furnishings and still have some money left for the needs of her family in education and advancement.

Never before in the history of the family has the responsibility of buying rested so heavily upon the woman in the home. She is today almost exclusively a consumer. The housewife of one and two generations ago was in many instances a producer. She made her own soap and candles, she spun, wove, cut and sewed all of her own clothing materials, she produced many of the food stuffs and she preserved and dried fruits and vegetables and meats for winter's use.

It might seem on first consideration that by being able to purchase all these articles instead of having to make them that the modern woman is entirely relieved from all responsibility. This is not the case. Some of the time which was previously spent in preparing these things must now be spent in qualifying ourselves to know values. In letting go the work of her own hands while she personally chose and created determining the quality, purity and cleanliness of these articles and materials to be of the highest, she must now personally or in groups, assure herself of equal standards of quality, purity and cleanliness no matter where they are made. She must become trained to buy commercially made products. She must understand the various divisions of the family budget and be qualified to get the very best returns for the money spent.

To become a trained consumer and conserver is therefore one of the most important requirements of a mother in the home today. It has been estimated by economists that women buy 96% of all drygoods used by the family; 87% of raw market products; 48.5% of hardware and house furnishings; 48% of drugs; 11.2% of men's clothing. The conclusion is that women alone buy 48.4% of all merchandise and help in selecting 23% more, thus buying practically 71% of all products used in the home. How necessary it is then, if we are to magnify our responsibility, to make a success of our business, to become equipped with knowl-

edge concerning food, clothing, housing, furnishings, in order to choose well, to do the most for our families and to avoid pitfalls and fraud in commercially prepared materials.

What happens in families where the mother is not trained for this great work? Her family will be deprived of necessities and comforts that they might otherwise have enjoyed. It is estimated that billions of dollars are wasted annually by careless buying. The husband is compelled to increase his income with no corresponding saving and in many cases, although already overburdened, he must assume the burden of the family purchasing agent.

The woman who is not trained to buy in the most efficient manner is frequently responsible for many of the evils in our modern selling methods. For example the abuse of the "charge account," the excessive delivery demands, the "return goods" habit, and the telephone habit, all tend to make the cost of doing business higher than necessary.

Every housekeeper may become an efficient household purchasing agent by continuous trying, by experimenting and by study. A consideration of the following topics will be helpful.

Efficient Buying.

The first principle of efficient buying is to distinguish between price and value and to learn to make all purchases on a basis of value and not on price alone. For example, a lunch box at three dollars and seventy-five cents seems an exorbitant price. Yet the value under certain circumstances may be worth the price. A young growing child is sent to a school a long distance from home. She must leave home very early and consequently has little or no appetite for her breakfast. At noon she is extremely hungry. She goes to this lunch box, takes out a thermos bottle filled with warm soup. The sanitary tin box contained in the leather container is filled with wholesome sandwiches. The child eats this warm soup and sandwiches and feels good all over. All traces of nervousness disappear. She will perhaps carry this same lunch box for years. There is no question as to the value of such a lunch box. There are, however, circumstances when such a purchase would be an act of extravagance. We must measure the returns of our purchases and thus determine whether or not the value to us is worth the price. Prices may fluctuate because of economic conditions, but the value of an article can be fixed only in the consumer's mind. For instance, a bed consisting of good springs, good mattress, light weight, warm, easily laundered, or covered bed coverings and good quality, live feathers for pillows, would be to many people the principal considerations in placing a value on a bed. The bedstead would be a secondary

consideration. To other people, and to far too large a percentage, the appearance of a bedstead would be the chief consideration. Yet the comfort one gets out of a good, comfortable bed should be the chief consideration.

The quality of an article whether it be food, clothing, or furnishings should be our next guide. To know quality for ourselves and not to have to depend upon the salesman is a necessary qualification for an efficient purchasing agent. This principle applied to our budget would mean first that we must know food values. We must know why it is a good thing not to spend too much of our food budget for meat or sweets or cream. Further we should know the various cuts of meat and their respective food values and the comparative cost. We should know the nutritive value of meats compared with other foods. We should know how to test the freshness of meat. We should know the various substitutes for meat with their comparative prices and know good recipes for cooking these and meat substitutes into palatable attractive dishes.

The second division of the food budget, dairy products, is perhaps the most important consideration in the budget. The purchasing agent must know the function of milk and butter in human nutrition. She must know that there is no substitute for milk and butter, that there are supplementary foods that may be used in connection with milk and butter but not as substitutes. She should understand the reason for the government's adopting the slogan, "A quart of milk a day for each growing child." During the past two years the winter has found many families who have taken milk from their tables because the price is so high; yet these same families have not eliminated meat and other expensive foods from their diet. A quart of whole milk contains as much nourishment as a pound of beef steak; and further, milk contains a growth determinant which cannot be secured from any other sources except from the yolk of egg and to a very limited amount from the leafy vegetables. These principles determine the value of milk irrespective of price; and so on through the various divisions of our budget. We must know the value of foods, the return to the family needs and well being.

Then an efficient purchasing agent should know the merits of various kinds of distribution methods, as parcel post, mail order, cooperative buying and public market. She should realize the importance of knowing city, state and national laws governing the standards of various articles such as food, clothing and equipment, and also the methods of handling raw and manufactured goods. She will search out the markets that are sanitary and well ordered, avoiding markets where food is exposed to flies and dust. She will learn the standard brands of canned

goods and all package goods, the standard weaves of cotton, linen, and woolen materials and the points of judgment in determining household equipment. She will in fact learn the values of everything that comes into the house.

The careful home purchasing agent will acquaint herself with legal weights and measures and will check up on these weights in her own kitchen. Every well equipped kitchen will contain a good pair of scales and daily use should be made of them.

Another important qualification is to be able to know the various trade labels and the most economical sizes of cans and other containers. In fact to be a good purchasing agent the mother in the home must know her business. If she is to get the best returns for her money she must know values. To accomplish this she must study and profit by her own experience and the experience of others, and be constantly alert in her observations.

QUESTIONS.

What are the duties of a purchasing agent in a well-regulated business?

What can you say of the home purchasing agent?

What is the budget system?

Describe your own methods of home purchasing.

Define economy.

What is the difference between economy and miserliness?

Why is it important to train to become an efficient household purchasing agent?

What percentage of the world's income do women spend and with what results?

Distinguish between the value and the price of an article.

Why is it necessary for the household purchasing agent to know food values?

What are the standard local weights and measures?

What use should be made of scales in the home kitchen?

Is there any choice of local markets in regard to quality of goods and methods of handling?

What are the advantages of parcel-post, mail-order and co-operative buying and the public market?

What can we do to improve the sanitary conditions of our city markets?

Do you think it is necessary for women to learn values of textiles?

THE NO-TOBACCO LEAGUE OF UTAH

An organization to be known as The No-Tobacco League of Utah has been formed with headquarters in Salt Lake City.

The object of the league as stated in article two of the constitution is "To enlighten the people concerning the evil effect of tobacco and by every legitimate means to bring about the abolition of its use."

Officers of the League are: Fred L. W. Bennett, President; Michael Mauss, and Mrs. J. M. Anderson, Vice-Presidents; T. F. McDonald, Treasurer; Mrs. H. K. Christensen, Secretary; Albert E. Foster, Assistant Secretary.

According to the secretary the league is not affiliated with any particular church but seeks the support of all who are opposed to the tobacco habit.

One of the first things it is hoped to accomplish is the strict enforcement of the present laws forbidding juvenile smoking. Many members have already been secured, it is stated, although the efforts of the officers so far have been confined largely to Salt Lake City and County.

The Membership fee is 50c a year, 25c more buying the No-Tobacco Journal. A sixteen page monthly magazine devoting exclusively to the evils of tobacco.

KATE M. CHRISTENSEN, *Secretary*.

FRED. L. BENNETT, *President*.

The late gifted song-writer Henry A. Tuckett, left as his last musical contribution to this Church a stirring patriotic song and chorus, "America, we Love Thee." We recommend this to all our choirs and soloists. Write Mrs. Lillie T. Freeze, care Primary Association, Bishop's Building, Salt Lake City.

VENNA HASTINGS.

We have just read a charming and faith-promoting story, called *Venna Hastings*, which deals with the life, love, and struggles of a beautiful and refined girl who finally discovers the gospel and is comforted through the "peace that passeth understanding." We suggest that our sisters may well give this book as a Christmas gift to their daughters, for it will satisfy the modern craving for fiction, and at the same time will instil faith into their hearts. Address the author, Julia Farr, 119 F. Street, Salt Lake City.

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